The "TIGER"

1943

IPSWICH HIGH SCHOOL

ROBERT D. CONARY

A dynamo surrounded by fascinated boys (girls not excluded); a science teacher, valuable, explosive, and ready with a fund of quaint analogies; a coach, expert in managing husky halfbacks; and a man to joke with and to cherish - - that's our Mr. Conary and to him we dedicate this book.

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Editorial.

PROSPICE

In a transitory and chaotic world disillusionment and pessimism are rife. What place have lofty ideals, beauty, music, or love in a world where peace is but a fleeting vision? The insidious tide of despair, doubt, and confusion threatens to engulf the young graduate. The only recourse is faith - - faith and greater vision.

War is not the be-all and end-all here. Something that is fine and noble - - however small - - must come out of this war - - that is what we are fighting for.

It may be true that the evil that there is in the world outweighs the good. But that spark of good has saved each successive age from complete destruction. It has even brought man, the corrupt yet the invincible, through the Dark Ages, through the period of slavery, to a world fraught with opportunities. These advancements were not made by men sunk in the slough of despond but by men of vision.

If we have faith we can move mountains. If we maintain a calm and steady belief not tinged by undue optimism or pessimism in the eventual trimph of good, we shall be able to see that there is still something of the beautiful in this world, as our artists and our poets tell us.

Literary.

WHY? WHY? WHY?

In the library a boy who was looking over the shelves was asked what type of book he wanted. "Oh, this is for a book report", he replied hurriedly so as not to give the impression that he ordinarily read. Another person in answer to the same question confessed apologetically that he wanted a book merely for his own enjoyment. Then again there were the two students who while discussing another remarked significantly, "Oh, She studies"—as much as to say, "What a drip!"

High school students seem to attached a stigma to reading and studying. They associate those who read with dull, studious people whom one must not imitate in order to be popular.

In college the situation is reversed. To be popular or even tolerated you must be well-read. For college students realize the value of book learning. They know that books impart something more than facts. Literature, by interpreting some aspect or quality of the age in which the author lived, teaches tolerance, a better understanding of character, and the qualities that make men great, and, in general, gives us a broader outlook on life. The study of language makes us better comprehend the nature of foreign people. History makes us understand the present in terms of the past.

Mathematics teaches concentration; and the sciences, observation. As Bacon said: "Reading maketh a full man."

Why is it, then, that we high school students must continue to apologize for book learning?

Joyce Bousley

—o—

THIS HUMAN RACE

There are so many things I want to see and do before I lose youth and curiosity and enthusiasm; before I become content with a rocking chair, a purring Maltese cat, and an open fire. I suppose everyone feels the same desire to do things, special things, and I also imagine many desires are mutual ones. I want to bicycle through England some day when this war is won. I want to see Canada, and Mexico, and the high Sierras; I want to sail a boat along the entire Atlantic coast. Those desires are my castles in the air. There are other experiences I want to have, smaller and less significant, but when

I have forgotten the exact construction of an Aztec temple I think I shall still remember them. I want to go to a Southern revival meeting, and spend New Year's Eve in Chinatown; I want to do so many, many things just once to see what it's like.

I went to a wrestling bout not very long ago—it was one of my experiences. The arena was a dilapidated-looking building situated on a narrow, dark side street almost hidden between Louie's Grocery Store on one side and a questionable restaurant on the other. One might conclude from my description that the arena was not a distinguishable place, but he would be greatly mistaken. The noises consisting of loud guffaws, nasal screams, and horse laughter which drifted out to the casual passerby proclaimed our destination most obviously. Opening the door we were struck forcibly with a cloud of smoke so dense that I could barely perceive the crowds huddled on the bleachers surrounding the ring. Between coughs and gasps I noticed ironically a conspicuous sign which forbade any and all smoking in seemingly definite terms. Distracted by blood curdling cat calls, my eyes were drawn to the center of the ring where a human octopus of arms and legs struggled frantically, accompanied by grunts and growls which seemed to be emitted from regions somewhere under the wreckage. Seeking the most remote corner of the bleachers, I settled down to view the demolition. The two squat, swarthy giants inside the ropes were being very rough. Indeed I might say that they were being downright brutish with each other. I should have had some pangs of compassion for them, but I found myself watching the two men much as I remember watching two lions fighting savagely in one of Osa Johnson's films.

The two women who sat beside me, (I shall not call them ladies) were extremely excited. and encouraged the wrestlers with such spurring remarks as. "Kill him, Larry," "Throw him out," and "The dirty thug." During intermission between bouts these same neighboring enthusiasts discussed the economics of lower class living. I was amused, a little disdainful, and yet they showed an amazing honesty and realism which fascinated me. There was no pretense, and the very vulgarity for which I felt disgust was somehow better than the artificiality of a few supposedly well-bred people.

On and on the gorillas slugged and bit and scratched and rolled. The crowd became more fanatic; I, more sleepy. I looked up to meet the noncommittal smile of my companion. "What an experience!" I wheezed through the billows of "two for five cents" cigar smoke and so it was.

Johanne Black

A RIDE ON GENTLE PALFREY

It was a lovely day—cool and crisp with just the proper touch of Jack Frost upon the trees to make the country side riotous with color. I felt exuberant. Considering the fact that I'm young, very innocent, and tremendously fond of life, I feel that way often, but this aforementioned day I was bubbling over with a generous spirit for man and beast alike: I was going to ride a horse. I had never ridden a horse before in my life. You probably wonder why I didn't say that I was going to attempt to learn to ride a horse, but I assure you the thought of not succeeding never once entered my mind at that time. I swung the door of the stables open with all the bravado I usually possess and a little more thrown in, as was fitting for the occasion. My gallant steed appeared to be complacently eating his morning fare, and as I approached his stall he eyed me with marked distrust and still more obvious disapproval.

"Hello there, aren't you glad we're going for a ride?" I coaxed in a cheerful voice, hoping to appease the poor animal for his interrupted breakfast. His answer was a very decided snort and an unfriendly side glance which seemed to express to perfection his entire opinion on the situation. Undaunted I enthusiastically scrambled into the saddle, picked up the reins, and grinned triumphantly over at my companion who was apparently awaiting the kill. The first doubts assailed me—he knew my horse and me thoroughly; and the smug, amused look on his face belied the mental prophecy he was forming for my ultimate downfall.

"I suppose it is an easy matter to reason with a horse, appeal to his sense of chivalry, or something?" I commented, suppressing an ever increasing fear that the animal might attempt to run away with me.

"No!" was the definite reply. "You either will learn to master him, or he will master you in a hurry."

I tried to look intelligent, but my theory on how to manage an animal, any animal, was somewhat vague and muddled. I remembered my dog, who is a model example of the disturbing cycle of girl owns dog, but dog owns girl. My last shred of confidence abandoned me, and I wondered pessimistically how my friends had ever had the audacity to place me in the category of extroverts.

We started out, both my hands desperately gripping the saddle. I bounced along agonizingly, ironically aware that the name of my mount was "Southern Comfort." I have had occasion to call him several names since that first day, but I assure you they never even closely resembled "Comfort."

As if hanging on weren't the

primary factor, I was distracted by constant good-humored but determined reprimands on the part of my companion who rode with superb form and obvious ease, all of which irritated me considerably more than I wish even now to admit. To liven up the conversation, in contrast with being told to sit up straight, let go of the saddle, and make the horse keep a steady gate, I was enlightened with the fact that the cantankerous beast had a scheming light in his eye which boded trouble. By this time both the horse and I were well aware of my plight, I to my sorrow; he to his glory, as I was soon to discover. I knew I couldn't ride, my horse knew it, I knew he knew it, and I vainly hoped that he would have compassion on me. Such was not the case, for as we came over the last hill, Southern Comfort, bless his four long legs, broke into a very healthy gallop. Now since I have acquainted you with the fact that I couldn't post, we shall also presume that I couldn't gallop. My eyes bulged; I could feel them bulge; and my mouth hung open in speechless horror. I didn't have the courage to let go of the saddle to pull up on the reins, and having a mathematical turn of mind I wondered morbidly how many times according to the law of averages, I could rise up and over the horse's neck and fall by chance back into the saddle. I came to the terrifying conclusion that the operation couldn't last much longer, and in defense of life itself I decided I would put my last semblance of sane co-ordination into jerking the reins which hung slack over the horse's neck. He slowed his pace and came to a stop, and in perfect harmony I melted into a jelly while my heart beat like a sledge hammer against my upper thorac cavity—in fact I was rather under the impression, at that particular moment that quite possibly my whole body was a cavity. But I'd mastered him, and I could feel the perkiness coming back as surely as it had faded out. If it took brute strength, I had it; and if it took determination, I had that too.

"Oh we went riding, horse and I," I chirped merrily as I slid from the seemingly iron cast saddle. I had spied a soft, comfortable easy chair on the porch—mmmm. Oh it was such a lovely day!

Johanne Black

Graduation Program

INVOCATION	Reverend Richard A. Cartmell
ESSAY — "The Importance of Musice in War Time"	Joann Ross
CHOIR — "O Victorious People"	Gaines
ESSAY — "The Coming Air World"	Donald McPhail
ESSAY — "New Horizons"	Joyce Bousley
THE CHOIR — "Song of Deliverance"	Coleridge - Taylor
ADDRESS —	Reverend Vivian Pomeroy
PRESENTATION OF PRIZES	
PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS	
By the Chairman of School Committee	William F. Hayes
SINGING — "Star Spangled Banner"	
BENEDICTION	Reverend Richard A. Cartmell

Graduation Essays.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MUSIC IN WAR TIME

by Joan Ross

When the present war began, it was quite commonly believed that we should have no need for music. Music as a source of enjoyment was to be considered a luxury, and luxuries were "out for the duration": courses in music in schools and colleges were to be eliminated because of the more pressing need of courses in aeronautics and physics.

But as the war has progressed, it is quite probable that anyone with such beliefs has realized his mistake and has come to see the vital need for music in times like these.

The underlying element in the need for music is the fact that wartime emotions and morale are decidedly different from those in time of peace. Speeded-up programs produce a tense, rushed feeling with the consequent need for relaxation; while wartime events and work bring about a drop in morale which must be raised if victory is to be ours.

The cure for war nerves and shattered morale is simple—a type of pleasure must be found which can relieve us of anxiety and care and yet make us stronger and more willing to carry on the fight.

Our Allies across the Atlantic were the first to find this strength from music. The people of London would stand on the commons listening to concerts in the time of the worst air raids on that city, while the Russians attended operas performed in the freezing buildings of Moscow, with the Germans only seventy-five miles away.

But perhaps British and Russian tendencies seem rather remote to us. Then let us turn to the effects of music upon our own people. When personnel managers found that workers in defense factories were "letting down" at certain times during the day, they introduced a fifteen minute interval of recorded music during the lunch period to try to give the workers that "boost" they needed. The effect was the desired one, but there was still seen to be much room for improvement: for, especially toward the end of the day, a decided drag and slowing-up in the work was evidenced. They persevered, and by arranging intervals of music to be broadcasted throughout the factory during the regular working hours finally succeeded in increasing morale to a remarkable degree.

Much time and work has been devoted by factory officials to the perfection of these periods. The acoustics must be so constructed that the music pierces through rather than adds to the din created by machines. Then too, the type of song played has to be considered, for in factories where a great majority of employees are Polish, polkas are enjoyed; but, from a true Scotchman's point of view, bag-pipes create the only music worth listening to. It is found also that male employees enjoy martial airs, while women are apt to burst into tears upon hearing them, so closely are they associated with their boys overseas, vocals and "Deep in the Heart of Texas" are discarded as being too distracting, while excerpts from operas are enjoyed, especially by Italian laborers.

Music has afforded our boys overseas inestimable pleasure. Letters received by the people "back home" tell us that the men stationed in England or Ireland greatly enjoy dancing and concerts provided by the U. S. O. and other organizations and that the boys fighting in the swamps on Guadalcanal or on the sands of the African deserts look forward to any short wave broadcasts of jazz bands or symphony concerts; and upon reaching a base the playing of the phonograph is the most popular pastime.

But perhaps the need for music in camps within the United States has been more clearly seen. During the early days of the war, when the boys had absolutely nothing to do in their "off-time", their morale dropped lower and lower. Then dances for the soldiers were introduced. The effect upon morale was so heartening that dances were held more and more frequently, and popular "name-band" leaders began to give their time to putting on shows for the boys. For proof of the increase in morale and whole-hearted enthusiasm for this type of entertainment, one has only to turn the dial of his radio to almost any station on any night and hear the shouts and applause of the soldiers, sailors, or marines for whatever orchestra may be broadcasting from their camp. Popular vocalists of the air and screen have played no small part in this type of morale-boosting. Perhaps the most outstanding of these is that songbird with a cockney accent, Gracie Fields. An audience of millions awaits her cheerful exuberant outbursts of song five nights a week.

Even the ordinary people at home who are not working directly for Uncle Sam in war factories find that there is more and more to do every day, whether it be in civilian defense jobs, schools, or just in the home, and they too feel the desire for relaxation more pressing. Almost invariably, a person who feels tired, restless, and discouraged at the end

of a day will listen to a musical program of some sort. It may be that Harry James's "Trumpet Blues" will be preferable to some, while Schubert's symphonies and songs appeal to others. But through listening to music, more and more people have come to find a satisfying, inspiring type of pleasure.

So vital is the need for music in war times that musicans have expressed the hope and belief that we shall not be satisfied with music already written. The very emotions themselves which are experienced in war times are expected to cause some outburst of "Music of courage" on the part of composers, so-called because it is designed to fill our hearts with much-needed courage and determination.

"Tin Pan Alley" has already produced various sentimental, patriotic, and emotional songs, which, despite their intense popularity, are destined to be short-lived. But up to the present time, only two important classical war-time composers have reared their heads.

Mr. Andre Kostelanetz has written, "When the war began, I gave a great deal of thought to the manner in which music could be employed to mirror the magnificent spirit of our country." He discussed the question with some of his composer-friends and decided that the greatness of a nation is best expressed through its people, and that the most successful people would be the most logical subjects.

The results of this decision was "A Lincoln Portrait", in which the composer, Aaron Copeland, has successfully expressed the outstanding qualities of courage, dignity, strength, simplicity, and humor, so predominant in the character of Abraham Lincoln.

The Russian marvel, mad-man, or what-have-you, Demetri Shostakovitch, worked ceaselessly through the heaviest bombings of Leningrad to finish his "Seventh Symphony", which he composed as a tribute to the immutable will, indomitable spirit, and staunch character of his countrymen.

Indeed, the need for music has been found throughout the world in this time of crisis, and as our own President has told us, "The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essental is doing the nation an injury. Music now, more than ever before, is a national need."

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THE COMING AIR WORLD

By Donald McPhail

In Africa, in Asia, and in Europe, our Air Forces and those of our allies are sweeping the skies free of enemy planes. A ratio of three to one and sometimes four to one has

been counted against our enemies. American planes are demonstrating their superiority over their opponents. The spectacular feats of these fighter planes and bombers make the headlines every day. But behind this front, a quietly operating branch of the Air Forces is working without rest. It has built a great transportation system from the United States, across Africa, to Asia; there is an air route to almost every country of the United Nations. It was an undertaking of great magnitude, but American skill and American ingenuity made it possible.

The success of this great system has awakened people to the realization that airplanes can be used for more than transporting passengers and mail. Bulky articles of machinery and food are now being carried. As the size of planes increases, so will the load. This realization has made people wonder about the world after this war. Who will control the air? Will it be the United States and Great Britain, or will all countries control it equally? This question is already attracting the attention of rich and poor alike. It has led to harsh words in Parliament and Congress. For the average person in America, the present task is to learn the difference between the two main ideas, their advantages and limitations.

Basically, there are two extreme concepts of the post-war air world. First is the freedom of the air theory. In this theory, planes of every country would have the right to land and trade at airports anywhere, with only indiscriminatory customs procedure to delay them. This is very much like the freedom of the seas doctrine. Countries, such as England, whose technical skill and outlying bases would make an air transportation system feasible, would suffer because her bases would be used by everyone. On the other hand, countries also possessing the technical skill but lacking outlying bases would benefit.

Directly opposed to the theory of "freedom of the air" is that of sovereignty of the air. Every nation would have unlimited authority in the air over its territories and territorial waters. No other nation would be allowed to cross this three dimensional sphere of influence without being accused of trespassing.

Now, let us investigate the possibilities of each of these systems. A careful study of a globe will show that with the present practical range of airplanes two thousand miles, the United States would need many more outlying bases. Our lines of communication extend out into the Pacific as far as Manila; into the Atlantic, as far as Porto Rico. This would leave a gap of half the world to be flown in one hop, a feat which is impossible at present. If the air were free, this

would not be a handicap, for we would be able to land at international airports in Africa and Europe. There would be no privileged countries at these airports; and so everyone would have an equal chance for trade.

With the airways extending into globe-girdling corporations, there would be a tendency for government subsidation because of the huge operating expense of such a project. No individual or groups of individuals would be able to pay for even half of it. This would lead to subsidy wars and monopolies. We could, as some European countries do, allocate different areas to different lines so that expenses for each wouldn't be so great. We would, in any case, try to make them as self-sufficient as possible. Since the United States would be competing with Europe, the competition would be very stiff; but since when has an American shrunk from competition? If the other countries wished to start a subsidy war, we could play the same game but with the chips stacked higher on our side of the table.

"Sovereignty of the air" also has its advantages. In a recent speech, Vice-President Henry Wallace said in part, "Freedom of the air will be to the future as freedom of the seas was to the past." The United States, however, did not fare so well with this "freedom of the seas". Our ports were choked with sleek liners from Britain and France and ugly tramp steamers from Japan and Germany. Our merchant marine languished and almost died. Before the first World War, over sixty-two per cent of our freight was carried in foreign ships. After the war, in the late twenties and thirties, our tonnage had reached second place, although still only half as large as England's.

Labor from these foreign countries worked for lower wages than American sailors and so they were able to underbid us. The same thing could happen again in the construction of airports and other facilities and in the manufacture of the planes themselves, although a higher technical skill is needed in the construction of planes than in the building of ships.

If the sovereignty of the air doctrine were observed, each country would have an equal chance of receiving concessions from another country whose cities presented possibilities for bases. Again, we would have competition, although not as intense as the one previously mentioned.

It is evident, then, that we do not want either extreme freedom or sovereignty of the skies. The assumption should be that the air shall be a reasonably free ocean of commerce in which all nations shall participate according to their responsibilities and technical skills. Toward this end, it

seems that there are five conditions which must be written into the peace. They are:

1. Post-war air map must be drawn according to geographical principles, and not according to the Wilsonian principles of self determination.

2. Except in cases of national security, all nations should be entitled to access to the air above other nations. Certain restricted areas may have to be set aside. It would be possible to have certain channels set off for traffic over a country.

3. One or several powers should have control over certain areas such as Greenland, Iceland, and some of the Pacific islands.

4. For reasons of military security, the world's air traffic should be divided among the United Nations.. That would mean temporarily excluding Germany and Japan to rule out the possibility of their using commercial lines to build up a military machine.

5. The United States should encourage competition with the various countries.

One of these three systems—freedom of the sea, freedom of the air, or a combination of both—will determine the future of aviation. It will take serious thinking on the part of airmen and statesmen alike. Should the wrong system be chosen, aviation could be a failure. Should the right one be chosen, a world unknown to the present past will be opened. Because of the rapid transportation afforded by the airplane, the peoples of other countries will be brought closer to the United States. They will begin to understand each other better, and one of the primary causes of war will disappear. The airplane has been a terrible instrument of destruction; but it can be and will be, we fervently hope, an instrument of great good in the future.

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NEW HORIZONS

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war"

Milton

There are two possible outcomes to this war: either we win it or the Axis does. If the latter triumphs, there is but one alternative: the prescription for world order, or rather disorder, as conceived by Herr Hitler and his associates, wherein there is one master race presiding over corruptible (so they believe), inferior peoples. On the other hand, if the United Nations are victorious, there are two alternatives: either pre-war conditions will be reinaugurated after slightly revising the relations between the nation states; or an effort will be made to work out some solution to the problems of obtaining political

security and economic and social justice, even though by trial and error.

The difference between the two choices would mean the difference between losing and winning the peace-between putting Humpty Dumpty back on his wall and resuming the turmoil of 1939, or profiting by the mistakes of Versailles. The pattern we take after the war depends upon the attention we give the problem now.

Change based on the utilization of past experiences is the keynote of the second alternative. The Greeks said that war is the father of change —and change can be for good or evil or a combination of both. If we have the courage and intelligence not to fear wise changes, we can make this war give us a better America and a better world.

Change in the political sphere would be directed toward greater international cooperation. Even in a highly interdependent world, it might be possible by sufficiently drastic planning to maintain a state of isolationism; but the outcome is improbable. "Isolation and neutrality have been tested and found wanting." Says Russell Davenport: "Cain never received an answer to his outraged question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' But the answer is: 'You are.'" An international trend is preferable; it is not, as the ever-active isolationist would have us believe, mere idealistic raving.

International cooperation would involve closer union and more sympathetic understanding between the United Nations, especially in the case of Russia and China; the prevention of a psychology of revenge; and the rehabilitation of the agriculture, economy, and health of Europe. Costly? Yes, but less costly than another huge war—the inevitable result of social and economic unrest.

Federation of weak nations is another phase of international cooperation. Realizing that small countries offer temptations to aggressors, the exiled governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia have already made a pact of union. Federal union in Europe would be desirable from the British viewpoint because it will facilitate traveling conditions on the continent.

Federation can be successfully undertaken to a certain extent: but nationalism which has been given an added impetus by the war unfortunately cannot now be abolished. But to offset European nationalism and imperialism, national independence would be gradually extended to Asia. Backward nations, now rapidly becoming modernized, will not much longer suffer domination by some distant power. This necessarily implies the end of imperialism—a welcome change. As one writer expressed

it, "the problem is not to retain for some nations repressed dependencies, but to obtain for all nations the free access to the world's resources."

International cooperation presupposes a concert of nations similar to the old League of Nations. All causes of disputes between nations cannot be eliminated. But a dispute can be prevented from developing into a war if a society of nations provided with an adequate police organization can enforce peaceful settlement. A new league would be provided with better opportunities for peaceful change than its predecessor and would naturally be represented by the United States and eventually by the Axis powers after they have received a just retribution. France, so long a world troublemaker, has, since Napoleon's downfall and the penalties then imposed, lived a decent international life. Why not Germany after Hitler's Waterloo and after the cause of discontent, the unstable political and economic conditions, have been removed? It hardly seems that even the Germans are so impractical that, having been given a degree of security, they would start another revolt merely to satisfy their militaristic desires.

A peaceful solution of the political delemma then can be accomplished by changes in international relations. Along with equalization of political opportunities among nations there would naturally follow equalization of economic opportunities, and this would mean the breaking down of tariff barriers and the securing of free access to markets and to raw materials for all nations.

Such are the political and economic changes that will probably be effected among nations if peacemakers desire to secure a just and a fair peace.

Within our own country there too will be certain changes toward an equalization of economic and social conditions— "toward the breaking down of class strife and the spread of well-being and security for the individual." Although to some this may sound too idealistic, it is entirely possible if we wish to meet the challenge squarely. For, as "Time" phrased it, "in a sprawling and devastated world, America is a treasury of hope." To face a post-war world the United States has enough factories, enough foodstuffs, enough ships, enough airplanes, enough materials and synthetics, and enough projects.

But with all these great resouces we shall undoubtedly be faced with mass unemployment in the reconstruction era. While plants are being converted to a peace-time basis, while shortage of civilian goods are being replaced, and while the ruined cities of Europe are being rebuilt, everybody might be kept busy. What then? With the flood of demobilized sol-

diers and of released war workers, we shall be faced with the cheerful prospect of wholesale unemployment. In this predicament there are two courses: we can put the unemployed on the bread line or at digging ditches, we can hunt around and find odds and ends of jobs as the W.P.A. did, and allow people once again to lean on their shovels and feel frustrated and foolish—or we can maintain full production to raise the standard of living of that one-third of our nation which is poorly housed, poorly clothed, and poorly fed. "In such public projects," declares the famed economist Stuart Chase, "room can be found for all the man power we have available."

Full production, full employment, and a higher standard of living are the peace cry of the nation, and they are attainable together. This is the economic cycle: if we have full employment, we shall have money to purchase goods; if we purchase goods, we shall keep the factories going; if we keep the factories going we shall have full employment and ,simultaneously a higher standard of living— and around and around it goes. It is as simple as that. If the cycle is once started, it will continue to function until one phase of it is impeded. Then the whole system will break down and put us behind the eight ball—in other words precipitate us into bankruptcy and depression.

To attain a higher standard of living would mean somewhat to equalize wealth. Here some people shake their heads dubiously, muttering the dark words "communism. But others envision a "mixed economy" where the government takes the responsibility for full employment, but where businesses, big and little, will share the field. From such an economy, competition for positions on the social step ladder is by no means removed. Stuart Chase puts it this way "Competition would simply be moved to the ground floor. The penalty of bad luck, of inadequate education, of an act of God, of an I. Q. below 100, is no longer a breadline, a flophouse or a leap from Brooklyn Bridge. A line is cemeted below which no American need ever go. Competition begins at this base. Citizens can still battle for positions in upper stories, namely preferred calls on the output of luxuries. But when losers come tumbling downstairs, they no longer fall into the cellar. They pick themselves up, wipe off the blood, and start over again on the ground floor."

So much for over-all economic changes; but just what are some of these projects that will raise the standard of living?

Science offers wool from silk and silk from coal; plywoods; plastics; rustless steels; bendable glass two-way private radios; furniture

derived from air, water, and coal; packaged houses; television; autogiros; decentralized cities; air express; new chemicals; and new medical inventions so revolutionary that Methuselah might at last have some competition. It is interesting to speculate on these future changes. We wonder if delinquent husbands can maintain the atmosphere of the office while communicating to their wives through a two-way radio equipped with television. We can picture Sunday autogiro jams in the airway with drivers freely insulting one another from two seaters and from family sedans, while beneath them people calmly view their antics from front porches. Or will there be front porches in the coming age? Will they too be discarded as decadent? At any rate, it is prophesied that in the home of the future there will be spacious kitchens designed as a simple unit and equipped with pedals to control tap water, mechanical dish water sterilizers, and vertical broilers (to broil steaks— imagine, steaks!—on both sides simultaneously). There will be refrigerators containing violet-ray compartments for tenderizing meats and an ice-cube ejector worked by turning a crank (a button would be preferable to me). There will be indirect lighting and a combination of fluorescent and incandescent lamps mounted in a cove two feet from the ceiling to diminish eye strain. Houses will be equipped not only with air conditioning apparatus, but also with ultra-violet ray germ killers. Radiant heating will be prevalent. Walls will be movable: in hot weather the living room will be extended into the garden: in cold weather I suppose the house will be folded up like a tent to make things nice and cozy.

These are the changes and achievements we can look forward to. The question is, can America develop a spirit comparable to its physical developments? "Modern man's strength is greater than his knowledge or his will," thought an aged Midwestern professor. "The vast economic material body of the world lacks a mind to match it, and is not animated by a commensurate moral spirit."

This is America's choice: a renewal of past trends and recurrent wars every generation, or an attempt toward physical and spiritual expansion to visualize new horizons. Heaven grant that we may win these victories of peace no less renowned than war.

Class Day Program

Part I.

"WHEN SHAKESPEARE'S LADIES MEET"

by

CHARLES GEORGE

SCENE: The garden of Juliet's home in Verona

TIME: Problematical and indeterminate

Cast of Characters

JULIET, from "Romeo and Juliet" ..... Joann Ross
PORTIA, from "The Merchant of Venice" ..... Jane Lathrop
DESDEMONA, from "Othello" ..... Carol Harris
CLEOPATRA, from "Anthony and Cleopatra" ..... Johanne Black
OPHELIA, from "Hamlet" ..... Joyce Bousley
KATHERINE, from "The Taming of the Shrew" ..... Eleanor Pickering

Part II.

Class History — Maureen Sullivan
Class Prophecy

Time: 1963
North Station
Characters: Rae Everitt, Thomas Bamford

Gifts to Girls — Sylvester Conley, Jr
Gifts to Boys — Barbara Swain
Class Will — Johanne Black
School Song

Class Day Parts

CLASS HISTORY

By Maureen Sullivan

There comes a time in every one's life when one must face that long dreaded, long remembered, first day in high school. Our time came back in September of 1939. If the truth were told, that first day is only a mere trifle. The only days to be really feared are Thursdays, when Mr. Whipple's absence causes the seniors to declare a moratorium on dignity and to indulge in so-called initiations. The consequence in our case was that after cafeteria period many of us returned to our classes pig-tailed, smeared with lipstick, or minus a shoe!

Our class was extremely large, that is to say, in number. In January with much hustle and bustle, about one hundred and twenty-five of us were herded into room 101, where we held our first class meeting. For president we elected the likeable Felix D'Agnes. His partner in the romance of those by-gone days, Celia Mallard, was our vice-president. Eleanor Pickering was elected secretary, and Leo Marcorelle received the heavy-duty job of treasurer.

In April we held a unique social introducing such innovations as ping-pong tables, side-shows, fortune telling, and, most remarkable of all, an orchestra composed entirely of freshmen. By students and teachers alike the dance was declared a great social success. (We shall not mention the financial returns.)

As freshmen, our young and adventurous souls were constantly playing pranks and tricks that our dignity would not now permit. Our English teacher nourished a profound dislike for the numerous and annoying squeaks that our Mexican sandals produced daily. Quite naturally our obliging souls sought a remedy: therefore like little Dutch children we left our sandals outside of the door in orderly rows and entered the class barefoot. To our surprise and disappointment our teacher did not appear to like this any better. Not wishing to risk any further displays of originality, however, she decided to just grin and bear it. Mrs. Lord also bore patiently for a while the moustaches, monocles and spectacles that mysteriously appeared on the little robins and other cherished birds on her bird chart. At length, however, her patience ceased to be a virtue—she grew so tired of erasing "doodling" from her winged friends, that she took steps to apprehend the clever artists. Needless to say, the artists

came off second best, and genius received another setback.

By the time we were adjusted to Mrs. Lord's rules in Study Hall, Mr. Conary's daily pranks, the disgrace of dropping a milk bottle in cafeteria, and the proper stair-way to use, we held our last chapel where we assumed the dignified position of sophomores on the right side of the auditorium, and soon after—too soon for some of us—we were back in the same seats all tanned and ready for a successful sophomore year.

Felix D'Agnes left us early in the year to honor Lynn English with his presence. At our class meeting we promoted Marcorelle to the job of president. Celia remained vice-president. Joyce Bousley made an efficient secretary, and Jack Pickard, was our treasurer.

During the Christmas season "Barby" Swain developed a sincere and practical interest in Emerson's essay on "Gifts". Remembering his insistence on useful gifts and mindful also of Lowell's caution that "the gift without the giver is bare," she knitted a necktie for Leo Marcorelle. No doubt he appreciated the thought fulness and the classic inspiration but concerning the gift itself we have our doubts.

With the dignity and poise that was lacking in our freshmen year we conducted a successful sophomore social.

In February many tearful blushes could be seen on the faces of the upperclass men. Why?—because the sophomores won the plaque at the snow carnival. May Morin pulled over two thousand votes for Snow Queen, tying Helen Pickul for first place. We all grinned in truimph at the coronation though one lad grinned more broadly than all the rest of us put together. One guess who?

Finally reaching the elevated status of upper classmen, we started our junior year. Our president was Lewis Clement (a newcomer) and vice-president, Florence Mavraides. The other offices remained the same.

To the great delight of the small male section in our class we welcomed some other newcomers during the year: Johanne Black, Rae Everitt, Eleanor Johnson, and Jean Perkins, all of whom have contributed no small part to the total success of the class of 1943.

This being a busy year, we spent most of our time in class meeting taking a little time out occasionally for classes. Under Barby Swain's keen management our rings arrived in time for the Prom. The Prom! That entailed more problems than even Doctor Anthony could cope with. Should we have a Prom? What about black-out regulations? Were there boys enough in the class? Questions like these and many others kept us anxious and heated for days. After

the final vote the ayes shouted joyously, "We shall have a Junior Prom!"

The man-power shortage could have been no more acute in the United States Army than in our class. How could we have a grand march when the boys were outnumbered two to one, and what would the Prom be without a grand march? One day the problem was solved by some master mind who had devised and formulated a "share the man" proposition. Ah! the lucky boys; they were to have a girl on each arm. Under Miss Blodgett's patient tutelage the "share the man" proposition was effectively carried out, and the long awaited Prom, that almost wasn't, will long be remembereed.

At Miss Huston's gym exhibition in May, 1942, Jane Lathrop gave the audience a thrill when on the way out she flirted with the curtain string and got so tangled up that she was unable to extricate herself until the other girls had marched off and left her stranded like a lone wolf.

After three years of hard work we finally attained the proud status of seniors and marched into the auditorium to the envy and admiration of the lower classmen.

Marcorelle, who is about as unstable in romance as in politics again received his old position of president; Joann Ross was elected vice-president; Viola Mavraides, secretary; and Claire Gallant, treasurer.

We started the social season off brilliantly with the Senior Barn Dance, following which things went along smoothly until we held our never-to-be forgotten dispute over caps and gowns. Everyone voiced his opinion simultaneously until the volume of noise produced at that class meeting sounded more like a machine shop working overtime for defense than a schoolroom. Where corruption dwells, mercy is limited, and as you can see, we lost our caps and gowns.

All senior English classes have been hard, to say the least. However, these rigid courses have had the most pleasant interruptions. In the early part of the year the IV. A class got off to an hysterical start when Senseney, taking the part of little John in "Robin Hood," was described as "seven foot high, and ell in the waist, and a pretty sweet babe." Then came the morning when we were paralyzed with horror upon seeing the body of a tiny Ipswich youth hanging from the door knob of the classroom with an ice pick in his heart. Carol Harris was charged with the brutal murder but was finally acquitted in spite of Joyce Bousley's vigorous and eloquent prosecution. Bamford's convincing oratory evidently swayed the jury of lower classmen. Either that, or perhaps they

were reluctant to convict such an attractive defendant. Then recently in the same class some of the girls were rudely shocked when asked if they, like Tennyson, thought that it was better "To have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all".

With a note of melancholy in my voice, I must at this point explain that although we were denied one of the most pleasurableexperiences of the senior year, a senior play, our regret is tempered with pride at the reason for this omission. The man power shortage grew even more acute as more and more of our boys left to work or to join the armed forces of our country, leaving an insufficient number to produce a worthwhile play. Here I should like to pause to pay tribute to the boys in the service who have at sometime been members of the class of 1943. James Hansen, Edwin Bailly, Allister Fraser, Clarence Henley, Walter Kozacki, Robert Marcorelle, Howard Martel, Robert Sheehan, Willis Lyman, Conrad Nason, Lawrence Orsini. Jack Pickard, Joe Reilly, Russell Riel, Lawrence Sheppard, Chick Somers, Clifford Thomas are all serving with the United States Navy. Edward Laterowicz is with the Coast Guard. Sammy Blunda, Wendell Jean, Barry O'-Connor, and John Duff are with the United States Army. Phil Gillis, Eugene Kelley, Harold Kneeland, Arthur Woodbury, Nils Wemblad, Stan Putur, and Johnnie Martel are serving with the United States Marines. We feel we have a right to be proud of these boys.

Now with graduation upon us we shall be pleased to get our diplomas but none too happy to leave our high school experiences behind us. We have enjoyed our four years here. Our work has met the approval of the principal and teachers, as well it might with about twenty per cent of our class maintaining an average of eight-five per cent for the four years. Tomorrow we step out into the world and what a muddled, confused world it is! Although we might at times be tempted to cry with Hamlet:

"The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite.

That ever we were born to set it right!" we , on the contrary, banish such a whining attitude and face the future courageously and confident that we can help to build a better world.

—o—

CLASS PROPHECY

Time: 1963

Place: North Station

Characters: Rae Everitt, Thomas Bamford. (Bamford walks in reading newspaper, suitcase in one hand. Everitt is standing reading a timetable with suitcase on floor about

two feet away. Bamford trips over suitcase.)

TOM. Why don't you keep your suitcase out of the way? What's the matter, anyway?

RAE. Oh, I'm sorry; I've been trying to read this timetable.

TOM. (straightening tie) Oh, is that so; well, may I help you?

RAE. Why, thank you. I'd love to have you help me.

TOM. (after looking over timetable) By the way, where are you going?

RAE. Ipswich.

TOM. drolly) Ipswich — IPSWICH—Say I'm going there too.

RAE. You are?

TOM. I used to live there. Say, I know you. You're—you're Rae Everitt. Sure, I knew I recognized you. I'm—

RAE. You're Tom Bamford: I remember you. You and I wrote the prophecy back in 1943.

TOM. Gosh, it seems ages ago.

RAE. How did we come out anyway? Did we "prophesize" correctly?

TOM. Well. we didn't do too well. Remember McPhail was voted most likely to succeed, and we had him president of Amalgamated Steel? Well he's teamed up with Senseney, and now they're doing a vaudeville act, "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen."

RAE. They are! Well, Alice Meunier has taken over Walter Winchell's gossip column on the radio. It's sponsored now by Morin's lotion. By the way, speaking of May, where's Bobbie Conary?

TOM. Why he owns a lobster pot on Deer Isle, and he's living the life of a hermit—perfectly happy too. Say, what about Clement? He left with Bobbie, you remember.

RAE. Clement? Seems to me I saw something in the paper the other day about him. Now I remember: he just wrote the best seller, "The Case of the Missing Corpse" or Tom Proves His Worth". Made $50,000 already and won the Pulitzer Prize. And the Rhodes Publishing Company printed the book.

TOM. Is that so? We hit the jackpot, then. Remember in the prophecy we said Rhodes would be a great printer? And did you see that billboard outside? It had a picture of one of the Mavraides twins on it. They're in Hollywood now. No one has ever been able to figure out which one is the star and which one is the stand-in.

RAE. Now let me see, who else is there? Jewett is a sheep man in Chicago.

TOM. We came way off on Savage. We said he was going to be a

dictionary writer. What was the word we used?—Lexicographer. But he isn't; he's a prize fighter, and Purington's his manager. I went to see a bout the other night, and Killer Savage knocked his opponent out. Bouts—bouts— Speaking of bouts, what happened to the Turnabouts?

RAE. Well, let's see. Joan Ross is running a boarding school for young girls under sixteen. Jane Lathrop is teaching chemistry at old Ipswich High, and her husband is running Lathrop Coal & Ice Co., Johanne Black is the socialist candidate for Congresswoman, and Claire Bolles is running a Merry-go-round at Salisbury Beach for underprivileged children of Rowley, and Sully is the private chauffeur to the President.

TOM. Claire Gallant is selling cigarettes at the Cafe Marcorelli, owned and operated by Leo Marcorelle; hostess, Barbara Swain. It's a swanky place, all right; the waiters speak only French. Leo directs his own band there. Conley plays the sax in his spare time from his job as postmaster. Celia plays the clarinet, and Eleanor Johnson, the drums. And guess who the bouncer is? Eddie Hwalek. And whom do you suppose he threw out? A big tough sailor by the name of Sheppard.

RAE. As for the Harris sisters and cousins, they're running a race track. Priscilla takes the tickets, Carol is the bookie, and Lillian is the jockey. Pictures of famous champions adorn the wall of their clubhouse, including that of Frank Kyes, the world-renowned Billiards Champion.

TOM. And while we're on the topic of sports, Burke and Smorczewski are playing on the Red Sox; Pickard is center on the Bruins; Putur is halfback on the Green Bay Packers; Bud Robins is holding up the line; and Eleanor Berard just won the six day bicycle race. She's pretty speedy.

RAE. Speed and Louis Galanis are synonymous. He's a test pilot for Oldsmobile—wrecks a car every day.

TOM. Duff is still collecting junk and buying all the wrecks.

RAE. Snooky McGlew is a salesman for Lepaje's and Arlene Moody's in industry too. She's a welder at Zeke Karol's shipyard.

TOM. Jean Perkins is chairman of the committee for the Beautification, Edification, and Glorification of Vermont. Remember we prophesied that she'd own a pig farm?

RAE. Mary Markow is advertising toothpaste. And Chickie Sifora models the cloths that Betty MacRea designs.

TOM. Remember how Queenie Mackenzie used to accuse me of locking her locker? Well, she's the ace locksmith on the New York Police Department. Dot Henley drives the

paddy wagon. Jennie Demetrakopolus and Alice Speliotis are social workers in the department. They give away sugar, gas, and tires to needy families.

RAE. Guess what Audry Fessenden's gone and done. She's invented a new kind of flit to keep the Bugs away.

TOM. And Pick has retired to her farm in Rowley after serving a hitch in the navy and marines. Barbara Farquhar has renounced jitterbugging and is seen regularly at the opera.

RAE. Joyce Bousley didn't do what we prophesied. She isn't a teacher; she's modeling for Chesterfield cigarettes.

TOM. Mable Argeropolous and Jennie Dziadul are in the furniture moving business, and Blossom Webb is driving a Rolls Royce instead of a tractor.

RAE. Lucy Eustace is running a home for the aged and infirm.

TOM. I went to the movies the other night, and whom do you suppose I saw? Peatfield has inherited Charles Boyer's part in a revival of "Algiers!" And Frances Cross is a policewoman on the Ipswich force.

RAE. Rosie Blunda is posing for Carlton's art gallery masterpieces.

TOM. And speaking of masterpieces, did you know that Louise Curtis is my secretary in my home office in New York?

RAE. Home office in New York? You sound like a flourishing business man. What have you been doing to yourself?

TOM. Oh, I've just been making a few million on the stock market. The law firm that I entered after graduating from college proved too dull.—I won all the cases. But to change the subject. George Brown takes care of the Morgue in Ipswich; where as Howie Wile is the manager of the Post Hole & Sky Hook Co.

RAE. You don't say! Howie was rather enterprising. By the way Shirley Larrivee and Vicke Terentowicz are nurses at the Animal Rescue League headed by Howie Martel.

TOM. No I never thought Martel would turn out to be a vet.

RAE. But you never can tell. Now look at me. I get sawed in half every night and twice on Saturdays.

TOM. What!

RAE. Sure—I'm in the sideshow at the circus.

TOM. Gosh—look at the time! And look at the train—it's leaving!

CURTAIN

GIFTS TO THE GIRLS

By Sylvester Conley

In the year nineteen hundred and forty-three,
Look what they've done! They've picked on me
To bring satisfaction to the greatest attraction
The high school of Ipswich this year will see.

The problem was great:
But such was my fate
That the girls outnumbered the boys,
So I hunted and searched from cellar to gate
And finally came out with these toys.

To Rosie so fair, a bike built for two:
So he won't have to walk all the way with you.

Jennie D. and Francis B. travel around together:
This chain should keep them closely bound
No matter what the weather.

This green hat to Louise to wear through the town,
For the cars stop short when they look at her crown.

To Claire Gallant, our class musician,
A small piano for each rendition.

To Carol Harris, our nurse mayhap,
A piece of black ribbon to stick in her cap.

These cards should go to the Mavraides twins
So the boy friend will know which one he wins.

To Ruth MacKenzie, our "Soda Jerkerine",
A sponge to keep the fountain clean.

This face cream to Jean Perkins goes
The prettiest girl we've seen.
We hope that in the years to come
We'll see her on the screen.

To "Chickie" Sokora, a little gun,
To keep those bad wolves on the run.

To "Blossom" Webb I give this tank,
Which should remind her of her Yank.

Priscilla and Shirley these cooks' hats have earned.
For all the meat and potatoes they've burned.

To Johanne Black and Joan Ross,
A coin to toss to see who's boss.

To Celia Mallard, a ball of twine
To keep her boy friends on the line.

To Joyce Bousley, a three-wheeled bike
That won't tip over, even on the pike.

I give this glue to horse-loving Lil,
To put on the saddle and ward off a spill.

To Jane Lathrop, this red red rose,
To match the cheeks that attract the beaus.

Mary Markos, who's fond of bowling,
At times may find this one consoling.

"Butch" Meunier, who likes to fight and tussle,
Can use this spinach to build up her muscle.

To Barbara Burns, these Super Suds
To help out with the laundry duds.

To Jennie Dziadul, with voice mild and weak,
I give this megaphone in which to speak.

To Eleanor Johnson, our drummer lass,
This drumstick to beat out those tunes with class.

To Claire Bolles I give this song tc day
To sing along her "Merry" way.

We hope Audrey Fessenden won't utter a groan.
When we hand her this telephone.

Eleanor Berard has become a W. O. W. and so
Can take apart this radio.

To Arlene Moody, this fountain pen.
It's O. K. Arlene; it's from the five and ten.

To Vicki, a ruler which should bring to a halt
The fish stories she tells while fishing with Walt.

This policy goes to Francis Cross.
If it won't help her, it will her boss.

Lucy Eustace in her work is constantly demanded;
We hope that with a pencil she'll not be caught shorthanded.

This pair of stilts to little Mable,
To walk around on if she's able.

Barbara Farquhar can use this glider
When she longs to have her Roger beside her.

To Barbara Swain this brand new tire
Which we all know is her desire.

To Rae Everitt this wee little light
To see a "Lump" on the road on some dark night.

If Eleanor Pickering digs up a "Rock",
I hope it won't be too much of a shock.

"Betty" MacRae and "Snookie" McGlew,
McDonald must make all his money on you;
For day after day, we know you commute:
So this year round pass to you will suit.

To May Morin, our lonely class lover,
Whose mate has been taken away.
This wish bone, with a fervent wish
That he'll come back someday.

Dot Henley is a truck driver
As such should take a bow.
This cushion I'm sure will help her
See out the window now.

Alice is our shipbuilder, and works very hard
She can probably use this one down at the yard.

A sailor to Maureen; there's no time to lose
To ward off an attack of the Navy blues.

So in closing today
I just want to say
That it's been really a lot of fun
Choosing and giving these gifts away
To each and every one.

—o—

GIFTS TO THE BOYS

By Barbara Swain

The other day I chanced to be
Wearily shopping around:
I stepped into a little store,
And this is what I found.
I must admit the price was low,
For our boys, they are so few;
But, after all, the thought's still good,
So now, Boys, here's to you!

This rattle will help Tom Bamford, maybe,
To make a hit with our own class baby.

For Bobby Conary I found this crown;
Now as King and Queen they can settle down.

These scissors for shearing, I give to Jewett,
'Twill take but half the time to do it.

To Kyes I give this wee mouse trap;
When the women flock, the trap goes snap.

Leo's a lamb that's oh so meek,
But there's a wolf if you take a peak.

Sylvester through his years of study,
Has found two girls to sign "My Buddy".

From Ipswich Bay to Florida Keys
Bill Senseney sought a tan;
If this strong lotion does not avail,
There's not a juice that can.

Aeroplanes are close to Clement's heart,
This one may help him get a start
But at a party, here's a hint,
Forget the planes, give the girls a squint.

Brown has a distant girl to vamp:
So to him I give this ration stamp.

Tom Burke's lost his heart, or so I'm told:
This is one he can always hold.

Duff has a uniform that's pretty tricky
To keep him content I give him "Chickie"

A bottle of ink for you, dear Eddie;
Your printing press is ever ready.
Howard Martel, who's now in the Navy,

These pills may help when it gets too wavy.

For Peatfield, whose soda-jerking never ends,
These "Tums" may help to keep his friends.

Putur's medals when placed in line,
Will need this polish to make them shine.

William Robbins is always late,
This watch will help him keep his date.

For Savage, who in big words has wallowed,
This dictionary may replace the one he swallowed.

Sheppard has girl trouble, so it seems,
He can now anchor his heart to the girl of his dreams.

As an editor McPhail defies competition;
This eyeshade will help him get out each edition.

For Purington, I found this little book;
He can write this summer in his favorite nook.

For Pickard I've compiled this book of addresses,
So that he may have letters, if not caresses.

To Rhodes I give this spelling book,
Hoping he'll never again be on the hook.

For Karol working for defense,
An "E" denoting excellence.

For the Baron—don't despair:
Build this castle in the air.

For Louis Galanis, who works in the diner,
This rolling pin, now what could be finer?

For Wile who joined us this year by skipping,
This jumprope will serve to keep him tripping.

And now having given these gifts
To the boys of '43,
I want to say "good luck" goes too,
In the days that are to be.

—o—

CLASS WILL

Be it remembered that we, the graduating class of 1943 of Ipswich High School in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all wills and testaments by us at any time heretofore made.

After the payments of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

TO THE FACULTY:

Item: We extend our sincere appreciation for the unfailing interest

and cooperation which they have shown throughout the four years of high school. By coming out from behind their desks and working side by side with us in our activities they have taught us a great deal about life as well as about school.

TO THE STUDENT BODY:

Having arrived at the point of graduation and therefore passed into the stage of reminiscing, we came to two definite conclusions.

Item one: You get out of high school just what you put into it.

Item Two: People looking for fun work hard and play hard.

Therefore we bequeath to the student body better school spirit, a longer honor list, and more social activities.

TO THE FRESHMEN:

Specific information concerning the faculty and student body:

Item One: If you continue to insists on passing notes and whispering during Mrs. Lord's study period, first choose one of the following alternatives—stay in your seat and feel as conspicuous and as embarrassed as the little boy who has just lost his two front teeth, or run, do not walk, to the nearest exit.

Item Two: Never be bullied by upper classmen, who have after all one or more years of experience.

Item Three: For the benefit of the rest of the student body we request that you lose your passion for playing "Seven In and Seven Out" all evening at the school dances.

TO THE SOPHMORES:

Now that you have bitten off a sizable hunk of high school life, go to work and digest it well. You've got your first long trousers so to speak; you're mighty proud of them, and you've got to act like men.

Item: The traditional best wishes for the traditionally successful Junior Prom.

Item: Hopes that you will like your class rings, although by a simple but frequent matter oftransaction they probably won't be a strictly junior possession for long.

TO THE JUNIORS:

Just the best year ever as a finishing touch to all the fun of high school.

Item: We are leaving to you a very special surprise—under an awe inspiring countenance you will find Miss Allen a person with a soft heart, a swell sense of humor, and an amazing understanding of people. This, however, must be kept in strictest confidence— getting acquainted with this favorite teacher is a senior privilege.

Item: Because of the fact you are still well endowed with healthy, handsome males we tender our desires for a super, super senior play to make up for the one we couldn't have.

Item: It might be advantageous and refreshing, at least to the faculty, if you agreed on such bones of contention as whether seniors should look baggy but dignified in caps and gowns, or glamorous in ruffles and suits.

To Mary Andreskiewicz, a typewriter which will bring her record up to 105 words a minute.

To Dorothy Arsenault, a safe in which to keep her personal correspondence away from Mr. Conary.

To Marie Bailey, a book on "How To Train Bees Easy".

To Gretarose Beaton, a tryout on the Quiz Kids Program.

To Peter Bedrosian, a laboratory where he can work in peace away from frantic feminine pleas for help.

To Anne Blake, a special mail plane to bring all her letters from Johnny.

To June Bousley, the ability to break the records set by Joan and Joyce.

To Margaret Brown, a year's supply of apples for the teachers.

To Sophia Budzianowski, an outsized supply of jokes.

To Donald Bugden, a job as test pilot for the Elgin Bicycle Company.

To William Burns, a sunshade to protect his eyes.

To Richard Chapman, a budget plan for the senior class in order to get all of the money out of them.

To Bessie Chinopolos, a pair of stilts.

To Carleton Clement, a decree from Washington forbidding all furloughs for marines.

To Burton Cloyd, an easel and paints.

To Arthur Costopoulos, team work with Cleopatra Vlahos.

To Constance Costopoulos, a future enlistment in the "Waves" so she can see a sailor more often.

To Irene Currier, a copy of the song, "We Won't Get Home Until Morning".

To Electra Dabos, a taxi to get her to work on time.

To Albert Dailitka, a short girl to dance with.

To Robert Denning, a new excuse for not being at the observation post on time.

To Charles Dodge, a siphoning tube for "you know what!"

To Dorothy Dolan, the ingenuity to think up a less intriguing name for "Polka Chips".

To Genevieve Dudek, title of class mascot for her dog.

To Alice Ewing, the consolation that "the course of true love never runs smoothly".

To Nellie Frydryck, an honest-to-goodness meeting with a certain British pen pal.

To Joanne Fuller, a large dose of self-confidence.

To Helen Gallant, some sort of smothering device for giggles.

To Lena Gallant, a screen to protect her from teachers' eyes while she tells stories to Helen.

To George Geanakakis, an English bike with gears to get him up the hills.

To Robert Graffum, convincing evidence to go behind the statement, "I'm a wolf".

To Malcolm Gross, title of class clown.

To Albert Haley, a year that glides away.

To Katherine Haritos, a muzzle.

To George Hovey, a corn cob pipe which will impress his friends but escape his father's attention.

To Barbara Hull, position as permanent receptionist at Camp Agawam.

To Willian Jahnke, job as teacher in the aeronautics class.

To Helen Laterowicz, knitting needles.

To Thelma Marcaurelle, a bottle of sweet "Pickles".

To John Markos, a future partnership in Greenberg's junk yard.

To Wibbur Michon, basketball championship.

To Claire Morin, warning: Rabbits are wild animals and should not be caged as pets.

To Menelaus Nakis, promotion to head usher at the theatre.

To Louis Pappamihiel, our sincere thanks for boosting the Jeep campaign.

To Helen Parsons, a membership in the Book of the Month Club.

To John Pechilis, the presidency of the senior class .

To Stanley Pickul, our regrets that there will be no football team for him to star on next year.

To Alfreda Prisby, a trip to California to cheer up Duff.

To Anna Sheehan, a pair of silver wings.

To Frederick Rodzen, the authority to mark his own mechanical drawing papers.

To Georgia Speliotis, a box of carbon paper to make duplicates of her English homework for her friends.

To Edgar Smith, a job as bat boy for the Boston Braves.

To Eleanor Stone, four good tires with which to escape from the Danvers Insane Asylum.

To Christine Tgavalekos, a brand new pair of shoes that won't need any repairs at Bony's shoe shop.

To Jean Torrey, pull with the C. O. at the Agawam Barracks so that she can spend her evenings building up morale of a certain soldier and vice versa.

To Arthur Vlahos, a ladder with which to reach Jughead.

To Cleopatra Vlahos, a permanent job in her father's store.

To Elizabeth Wade, Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga.

To Carl Wenblad, a protective hood for his chemistry lab so that when he finally makes nitro glycerine that will blow up, he won't be demolished.

To Constance Wilder, a megaphone.

To Dorothy Wilkins, title of First Lady—somehow connected with the fact that Pechilis will be president.

To John Woodbury, a copyright on the saying "Oh Heck".

To Peter Zervas, a thriving milk business.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hand and in the presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will and testament this seventeenth day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and forty-three.

On this the seventeenth day of June, 1943, the Class of 1943 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence declaring it to be their last will and testament, and thereafter, we three, and in their presence, and in the presence of each other hereto subscribe our names.

Leo Marcorelle, President

Joan Ross, Vice-President

Johanne Black

Honor Awards --- 1943

FOUR YEAR AWARD

Donald M. McPhail

THREE YEAR AWARD

Joyce D. Bousley
June C. Bousley
Joanne Fuller

TWO YEAR AWARD

Chester F. Bowen
Walter J. Pojasek
Arthur Ross
Francis H. Nelson
Bernice R. Fyrberg
Betty Burns

ONE YEAR AWARD

Johanne Black
Jane Lathrop
Joan Ross
Helen Smolenski
Beryl Wiley
Bala Comeau
Robert Bolles
Jean Herrick

The following seniors have maintained an average of 85 per cent or over for four years:

Thomas Bamford
Johanne Black
Francis Bonczar
Lewis Clement
Frances Cross
Lucy Eustace
Jennie Dziadul
Jane Lathrop
Donald McPhail
May Morin
Joann Ross
William Senseney
Maureen Sullivan

MABLE ARGEROPOULOS

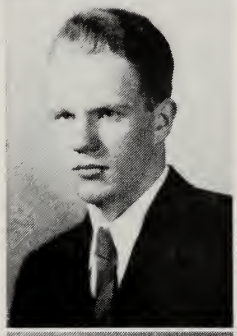
"Fair maid, be not so coy."

One of the front seats in every class room is automatically reserved for petite and twinkling Mable who would be completely hidden sandwiched in between any two ordinary seniors, but then Mable is not ordinary. On the contrary school would be a much duller place without "Rachael's" vibrant chatter, spontaneous wit, and efficient work. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

THOMAS BAMFORD

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Tom caught up with us this year and has been near the top of the class ever since. He's one of those energetic fellows that never stop trying—whether he's after a football, a trig problem, or a brunette. He does doggone well with all three. He, with Joyce and Don, is a genius in the physics class. Not only do they baffle themselves, but often they even puzzle Mr. Conary. Tom's one of the really busy fellows around school. If there's something hard to do, he and Don are the two who are first thought of for the job. A. A. 1, 2, Football 4; Letterman 4; Tiger 4.



ELEANOR BERARD

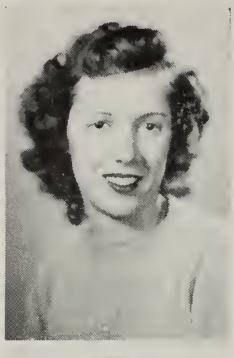
"You've been a wanderer, you."

From the ambitious and difficult job of being a high school senior to the equally ambitious and absorbing work of a radio technician seems a long step, but it is easily taken into her stride by our fun-loving classmate, Ellie. Here today and gone tomorrow. But wherever she goes, we know that cheerful smile and ready spirit will never let her or anyone else down for a minute. Girls' Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3.

JOHANNE BLACK

"With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course."

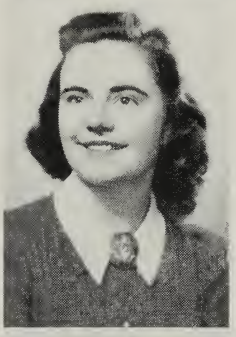
"Jo" is a perfect example of that infrequent combination of brains and beauty. A natural leader, friendly, attractive, she is a magnet everywhere. She left many friends in Dixie, but gained as many in I. H. S. (and South Byfield!) The "Army Air Corps" brings a faraway look to her eyes, but she doesn't say much. At our football games last fall she caused at least one tackle to work a little harder. Here's to a successful career in radio, Johanne. French Club 3, 4; A. A. 3; Cub 3, 4; Tiger 4; Choral Society 4; Baton Twirling 3, 4; Class Day Play.



ROSE BLUNDA

"With a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye."

Has anyone seen a pair of velvety brown eyes lately? If you have they are sure to belong to "Twigzy". This senior can boast of no enemies, for her sincere friendliness wins all. We have never seen "Twigzy" without her characteristic smile She is one of those people who can laugh at a disappointment, always seeing through to the brighter side. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Choir 4; Freshman Council; Girls' Basketball 2; Verse Speaking Choir 4.



CLAIRE BOLLES

"In the calm light of mild philosophy."

One of the bright spots of our sophomore year was the warm glow of friendship that Claire aroused in us when she came to I. H. S. Her pleasant giggle has become part of the sound effects produced in that current comedy, "The Senior Class". To really know Claire you must catch her in slacks and pigtails industriously cleaning out an attic or weeding in a garden. A. A. 2; Girls' Glee Club 2, 3; President of Girls' Choir 4; President of Choral Society 4; Cub Staff 3, 4; Tiger Staff; French Club.

FRANCES BONCZAR

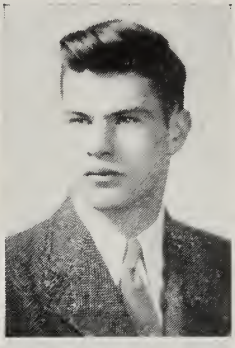
"Is not true leisure
One with true toil?"

Rushing up to scan the quarter's list of honor students, we groaned to find that our names hadn't yet made the grade of being classed with Frances Bonczar's. Any business man will tell you that a perfect secretary is a rare person. "Not too rare", we counter; "look at our Frances!" Out of school she helps to build up the Woolworth millions by her pleasant, courteous attention from behind the counter. A. A. 2, 3; Cub Staff 4; Basketball 1, 2.

JOYCE BOUSLEY

"I turn to little words—so you, my dear
Can spell them out."

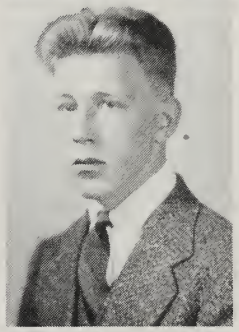
Ask Joyce what we are going to do with a post war world and she will tell you, with a peal of her infectious laughter, that she has the whole thing in the bag. We are inclined to believe that the plans concocted by this vivacious, intelligent little blond are as good as any of those on the market. In spite of studies and brisk hikes, she is never too busy to refresh us with her wit, to amaze us with her knowledge, or to discuss some subject of common interest. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Freshman Council; Secretary of Class 3; Cub 3, 4; Tiger 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 1; Honor Awards 1, 2, 3; Class Day Play.



GEORGE BROWN

"Of admiration half for his beard"

Brownie is the acknowledged veteran of the senior class, especially when compared to such youngsters as McPhail and Senseney. But the respect he commands from us is derived, not from his age, but from his consistent hard plugging in school work and his always cheerful, though serious, outlook towards the future. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

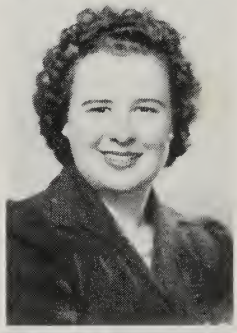


THOMAS BURKE

"The maids I kiss

They shriek—Who's this?"

His native haunts of Rowley saw less of him than the blonde, but football opponents saw all they wanted. He gained our undying admiration last fall, sticking through the year in spite of injuries. Captain of the baseball team, an ardent basketball player, Tom upheld the tradition of Rowley athletes in I. H. S. sports. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Varsity Club 3; Baseball 2, 3; Football 4; Letterman 4.



BARBARA BURNS

"Of a smile, of a charm

On the face it is a pleasure to meet."

Although Barby wears no gaily painted sign marked "noble and sweet", we know at a mere glance that she is just that. Barby has long been Celia's shadow, and their combined laughter is ever a welcome sound. If you need help, if extra typing has to be done, or if the attendance has to be taken, Barby is your girl, ready, willing, and able with a sweet and quiet eagerness which we would not resist if we could. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

LEWIS CLEMENT

"Deferential, glad to be of use,

Polite, cautious, and meticulous."

Lew deserted us "children" for B. U. last winter, but he comes back just often enough to keep feminine interest where he left it. An excellent student, President for the junior year, a good debater, a blusher though far from shy, and a better than fair athlete, he, with Bob, left the senior class feeling that it had lost two of its finest members.

ROBERT CONARY, JR.

"With light upon him from his father's eyes."

Bob left us early in January for the big city and B. U. While he was here, though, he kept life interesting for a good many of us. Many an otherwise dull and torpid classroom was livened up the minute he entered.. Infectious good spirits will carry him through if everything else fails. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Football.

SYLVESTER CONLEY, JR.

"Since I was a little child,

My spirit has been swift and wild."

Buddy, according to Mr. Conary, was the most efficient manager he ever had—at getting someone else to work. Buddy, however, has been a very busy man. Between the band, orchestra, manager's position, school, and the post office, he's been kept moving. Leo has been his companion on most of his escapades. Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Football Manager 4.

FRANCES CROSS

"Thou art silent and sedate"

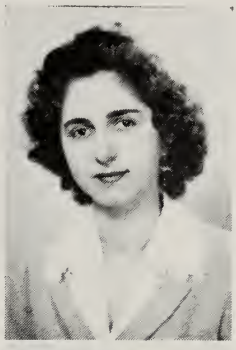
Some people show their personality through vivacity and loquacity while there are others who reveal themselves through a pleasant face and a quiet manner. Frances can be listed under the latter type. Her fine and generous nature shines through her reserved composure. These qualities are pleasantly blended with a very keen mind and an amazing efficiency. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Cub 1, 2, 3.

LOUISE CURTIS

"I saw some bright flowers swaying in the park

And thought how like their life you red locks blow."

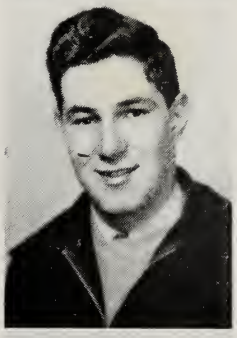
Small girl, big eyes, little glimpses of paradise, with a whirl of red curls and a flicker of intriguing eyelashes. Louise is upon us. Possessed of the traditional accompaniment of red hair, a flashing temper, she has caused many a lively moment, and many an amusing one too, for she laughs away the sorrow and she laughs away the gloom. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3; Girls' Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.



JENNY DEMETRAKOPOULOS

"She seemed as happy as a wave,
That dances on the sea."

Pockets jingle and bill folds appear when neat, dark-eyed Jenny pleas, "Would anybody like to buy some war bonds and stamps?" Jennie's right hand has been Frances and together they make a perfect blend of fun and efficiency. Jenny left us at the end of the year to aid Uncle Sam with his great problem of rationing, and Uncle Sam is grateful. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



ROBERT DUFF

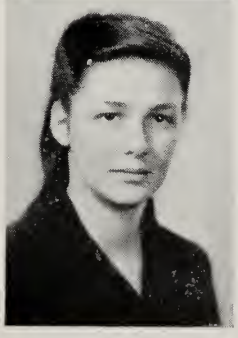
"I feel so exceedingly lazy,
I neglected what I oughtn't to should!"

One memorable day this winter the class of '43 presented, with their compliments, to the U. S. Army, a person known to us as "Duffy", sometimes "R. J." He provided us with more enjoyment, fun, and excitement than we ever deserved. For many years the team of Marcorelle and Duff rode roughshod, and now it is to be no more. We're sorry to see him go, but we know he'll make his mark in the service. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

JENNIE DZIADUL

"I say no more than I should say."

Jennie might fool you into thinking she's a quiet little elf with nothing to say. A quiet little elf? Perhaps, but Jennie has that rare gift of knowing what to say and when. As a cafeteria worker she's indispensable, as a friend always loyal. We all wish this merry, busy girl the best of luck as a dietician. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



RAE EVERITT

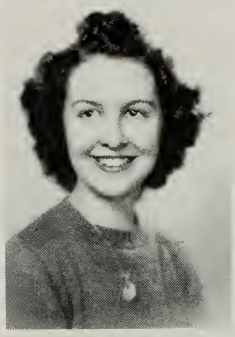
"She's gone like Alexander
To spread her conquests farther."

By way of London, Paris, New York, and Boston comes Raymond Alexander Walton Everitt, commonly known as Rae, a delightfully refreshing "jeune fille" who is definitely going places. Rae knows precisely what she wants, and how to get it; furthermore she knows where to get it, and does. Amusing, intelligent, sophisticated, this strikingly attractive member of our class is worth remembering. During her spare time, she involves herself in deep conversations with Johanne who is a kindred spirit, rolls bandages with Claire, or pounds nails into Buddy's new house. French Club 3, 4; Choir 3, 4; President of Choir 4; A. A. 3; Cub 4; Tiger 4; Head of Civilian Defense Committee 4.

LUCY EUSTACE

"Young and trusting, blithe and fair."

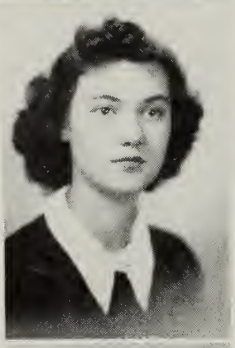
Meet one of our efficient "Cub" typists. Meet a popular girl. Meet a hard-worker. In other words meet Lucy Eustace. You'll feel "something new has been added" in the way of friendliness and humor, which we missed very much when Lucy left us for new horizons. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; Cub 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3; Bowling 3.



BARBARA FARQUHAR

"A little nonsense, now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

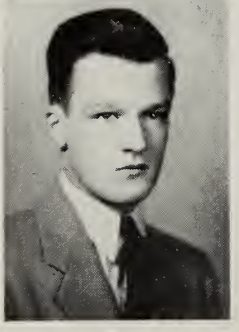
"Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar" the orchestra beat out in syncopated rhythm, and there in the middle of the floor, her lithe body keeping perfect time was Barby. Looking through the seemingly quiet, bashful camouflage, we know and love her for her gay smile, unaffected friendliness, and super sense of humor. Barby might be termed our Valentine Girl, for in her usual red contrasted by her brunette beauty, what masculine heart wouldn't flutter? Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3.



AUDREY FESSENDEN

"She was a quiet little body."

So quiet, so thoughtful, so sweet, this wisp of a brown-eyed girl might almost slip by unnoticed—almost, for not even the most unobserving person could pass over that gentle but persistent personality, or the gay, disarming smile. If we missed Audrey's pleasant voice in the classrooms this year we have found her a most friendly "hello girl" for the telephone office. Come what may, Audrey is a lady! Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 2, 3; Basketball 1.



LOUIS GALANIS

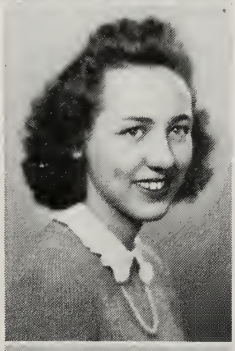
"But his clothes was cunningly made."

Being one of our best-dressed boys, riding around in a big beautiful, blue, convertible, and working in a very thriving diner do not leave much time for school. Louis deserves all the more credit, for he went through the four years with never a murmur of complaint. As a matter of fact, we don't remember hearing any kind of murmur. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

CLAIRE GALLANT

"Each little lyrical
Grave or satirical.
Musical miracle!"

Made for music, Claire has enraptured us from behind a panio and bewitched us from in front of the band, as her fingers flew like Paderewski's, or her baton directed the line of march. Dignified, gracious, thoughtful, this senior has wended her way through high school with poise and efficiency. Whenever Claire is at work on an activity, we may be sure that "the situation is well in hand.." Glee Club 3; Girls' Choir 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2; Chief Majorette 3, 4; Class officer 4.



CAROL HARRIS

"Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle dove, or pelican."

Under a demure dimple and a shy smile, Carol keeps her secrets well, as witnessed in English IVA during the scandalous and unfounded attack on her fair character. The mention of a plane brings a faint blush and thoughts of the "infinitissimus" species. But if he wins, he will be winning only the best. Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Choir 4; A. A. 1, 2; Verse Speaking Choir 4; Class Day Play.

LILLIAN HARRIS

"There was no hurry in her hands,
Nor hurry in her feet."

Horseback-riding is her joy, bowling her hobby, and just being a charming and sagacious member of society, her life work, with nursing as an addition. This is Lillian, the eldest and leader of that rollicking, fine set of girls known as the Harris Clan. The class of '43 could only have limped along without her. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Girls' Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.

PRISCILLA HARRIS

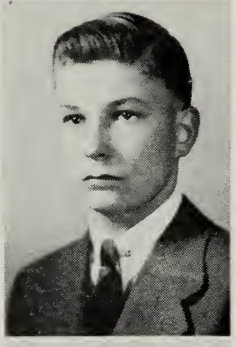
"A peace above all earthly dignities
A still and quiet conscience."

An intelligent bit of bashfulness with a nevertheless distinctive personality of her own is Priscilla. A living proof of the saying that "silience speaks more loudly than words", she conveys a dignified and restrained background for some of the antics of her more lively classmates. Verily a true example of the modern Priscilla who asked, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Choir 4; A. A. 1, 2.

DOROTHY HENLEY

"Inch-long, eager, ardent."

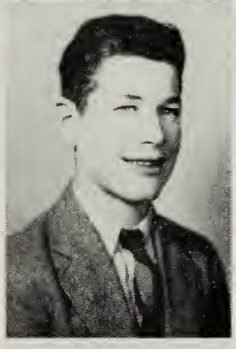
Dottie is a short blue-eyed brunette who often hides behind the disguise of spectacles. Although she is usually rather quiet, we can not help but catch a glimpse of the gaiety and liveliness which surrounds her. She is funloving but studious which is the perfect combination to produce a likeable high school student. We are sure that these qualities will bring her success in her future life. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



EDWARD HAWLEK

"And I'm toujours gai, toujours gai."

If he's quiet, cheerful, well-dressed, and small, it's pretty certain that he's Eddie. If he starts to talk, and everyone else listens, it's sure to be he, for his opinions are voiced but seldom and therefore valued highly. Eddie makes a sizable contribution to a small class. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



GRENVILLE JEWETT

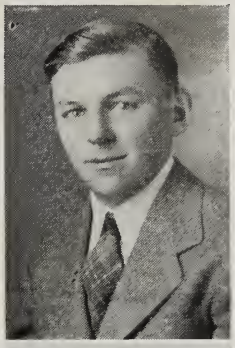
'I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing.
I am, sir, a Brother of the Angle."

Grenville emerged from three years of obscurity and proved himself so adept at his chosen profession of quietly haunting classmates that he was elected class nuisance. One of the unobtrusive members whose merit has long been unrecognized. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

ELEANOR JOHNSON

"Like the sweet apple that reddens upon
the topmost bough."

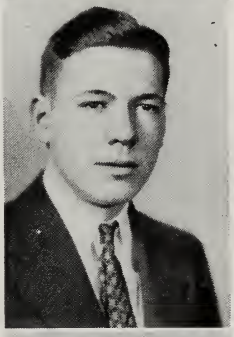
When we noticed an attractive stranger sitting in the fourth seat of the first row one bright September morning in our junior year, we didn't realize what a cheerful, friendly person we had in our midst. Before many months Eleanor had drummed her way into our hearts, winning us with her eager co-operation, her sunny disposition, and her amazing efficiency. Is it any wonder that we find people singing, "Oh Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh!"? Band 3, 4; Girls' Gee Club 3, 4; A. A. 3, 4.



ANTHONY KAROL

"He's such a little wanderer in his thoughts."

We missed Anthony's small, stocky, figure, usually garbed in a huge white wool sweater. He's the kind that's not noticed until he's gone away. Upon inquiry we learned that he had gone to Hingham to help build the ships so badly needed today. He left a class that had already been greatly decreased by war services and industry. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



FRANK KYES

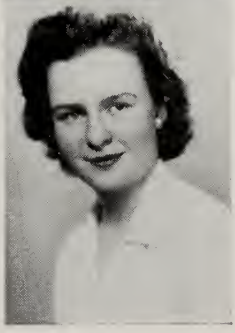
"I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and dream."

Frank, believe it or not, has been known to move fast, but his slow deliberated, dignified movements about school have given rise to the thought that he is often sleepy. Such, let us assure you, is not the case. Frank is merely thoughtful. We'd be hard pressed to venture a guess on his future, but whatever it is, we'll bank on his success. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Cub 3, 4; Tiger 4; Football 3, 4; Letterman 4.

SHIRLEY LARRIVEE

"No affectations, a low clear speech, good manners."

A quiet girl, but quite a girl in anybody's language is Shirley. We often envied her smooth and efficient manner, her warm, quiet smile, and her tall, graceful figure. Surely you have noticed Shirley, too. A. A. 2, 3.



JANE LATHROP

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."
To warn, to comfort, and command."

When Jane, better known as "Dr. Anthony", skipped school in her junior year the teachers were shocked—"Not Jane!" they said, thinking of their honor student, but her friends just laughed and wished they had been playing hookey with her. Thoughtful, dependable, sincere, Jane spreads sparkling sunshine with a lovely, indefinable sort of grace. When she decided to take up social service work as a career, we knew that she had chosen wisely, for Jane's gifts of sweetness, understanding, and ability should be shared by many. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1; Baton Twirler 3, 4; Tiger Staff 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Secretary Girls' Glee Club 4; Civilian Defense Committee 4; Class Day Play.

RUTH MACKENZIE

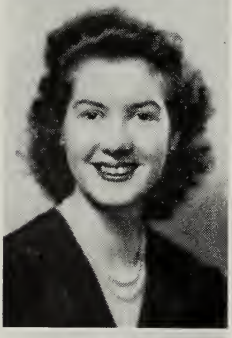
"She was our queen, our rose, our star."

"Queenie" is a blonde, and a very pretty one. This last year we have sat in a booth at Quint's and watched her enviously while she heaped luscious strawberries on ripe mellow bananas and ice cream, and then topped the whole thing off with fluffy marshmallow—in fact our mouths actually watered, and do you blame us? Is it necessary to add however, that many people are more interested in "Our Gal Sundae" than they are in the sundae. Friendly, thoughtful, gay, Ruth attracts us all. A. A. 1, 2; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.

BETTY MacRAE

"Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star."

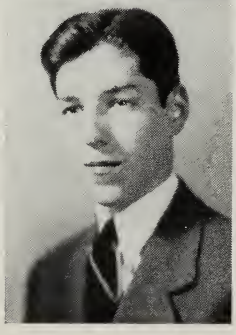
A soft page-boy hair-do and china-blue eyes with a far-away look might suggest your favorite dream girl; to us it symbolizes our own Betty. Her quiet exterior is deceiving as her friends testify to her wit, her frequent and infectious laughter, and her kind understanding. The Rowley library is definitely very lucky to have such a girl behind its head desk. Betty is often caught dropping down the little shoot of the mail box a letter addressed to a soldier stationed in England. A. A. 1, 2; Girls' Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.



CELIA MALLARD

"So tall she is, and slender, and so fair."

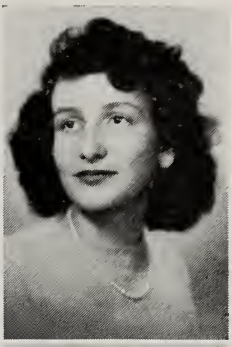
Every girl's friend, every boy's flame, Celia has found a unique place in the class of '43. With a captivating smile and a gay "Hi there", our candidate for the D. A. R. pilgrim girl is a welcome and attractive addition wherever friendly people get together. Spiced with sparkling wit, Celia can often be heard enlivening many a more serious confidence with her animated descriptions. Always thoughtful, always agreeable; if sweetness be a fault, hers is a great one. Girls' Choir 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2; Vice President 1, 2; Basketball 2; D. A. R. pilgrim 4.



LEO MARCORELLE

"But now that years have bowed my bean
And I am more than seventeen."

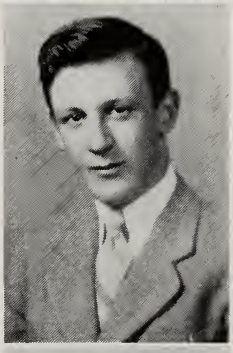
Leo has been our political boss this year, and a great job he's done. Always gay and lively, with a smile close to the surface if not already adorning it, he well deserves the title of "most popular boy." Leo has had a doubly difficult job this year, seeing that the mail goes through. Nothing, however, seems to affect his love of dancing or his smooth interpretation of the newest step. Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3; Treasurer 1; President 2, 4; Tiger 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4.



MARY MARKOS

"The smile that wears,
The tints that glow."

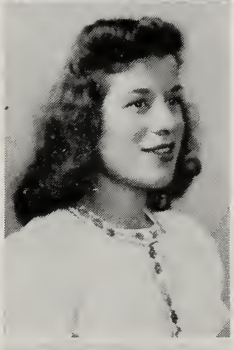
Our "Mistress Mary," to carry out the simile of the old nursery rhyme, grows a garden of abundant friendships tended by her pleasant voice, lovely smile, and sunny disposition. Belonging to the famed O. P. G.'s (office practice girls) Mary has excelled in the art of learning how to be an ideal secretary and can regularly be seen about school doing her work quietly and efficiently. Bowling 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3.



HOWARD MARTEL

"I must down to the sea again
To the lonely sea and the sky."

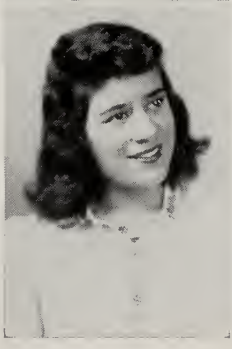
We haven't seen much of Marty lately, but we know that the navy is his present ambition. He is an excellent athlete when he exerts himself, although our sports didn't attract him. He left early in the year, along with most of his friends, to join the armed forces A. A. 1, 2, 3.



FLORENCE MAVRAIDES

"Some gypsies are like her,
Wild, dark, free!"

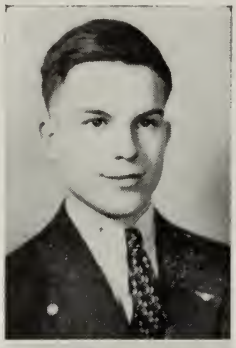
Definitely in the "Who's Who" of I. H. S. seniors is this member of an outstanding twin partnership who just can't make her eyes behave. Whenever there is a debate going on, find out where Florence is standing, and if it's on the other side of the fence, watch out! There's fire and there's flash in Florence. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Cub 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class officer 3.



VIOLA MAVRAIDES

"There's a skirmish of wit between them."

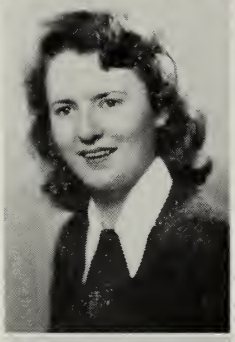
Happy-go-lucky "Vi" has been very patient with her classmates. Her remarkable resemblance to her twin has caused her to be hailed as "Florence" much too often. All types of entertainment are relished by "Vi" and someday, along with being a perfect secretary, we shall probably see her on an international bowling league. Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; A. A. 1, 2, 3; Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; Bowling 4.



DONALD MCPHAIL

"Out of the darkness
Into the light
As highly charged
As dynamite."

They say that good things come in small packages. Proof of this is the class's pride and joy, living example of perpetual motion, lover of physics, hater of poetry, bane of twenty-odd classmates who wanted caps and gowns, navigator for Mr. Conary, Donald McPhail. Mainspring of the "Cub" and "Tiger" and just about the whole senior class, he will leave a gap in the school that will never be filled more capably. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Cub Staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor Cub 4; Editor Tiger 4; Boys Glee Club 1; Honor Award 1, 2, 3; Graduation Part 4; Class Celebrity 4.



ELEANOR MCGLEW

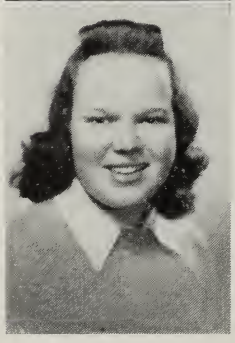
"Sunny hair.. and eyes of wonder."

"Pert as a school girl well can be—". Just the lyric of a song from the "Mikado", yet what could better describe this cute Rowleyite? But seriously, she's a hardworking and dependable person who just happens to know a secret that many would give the world to know. "Snookie" knows how really to enjoy life. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

ALICE MEUNIER

"Farewell, O strange compulsion to be strenuous
Which sends us forth to death on tennis courts."

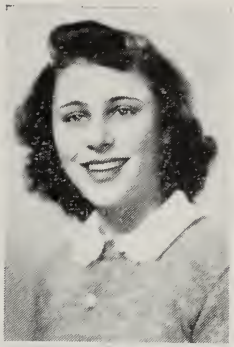
This clever little cut-up whose eyes and feet are always dancing has lent much charm and gaiety to four years of high school. Her speech, her looks, her manner—all who saw, loved and laughed. During the summer months we always find her as a sunburnt, bewitching gypsy at the beach store passing tempting hotdogs over the counter to famished bathers. Alice left us during her senior year to work for a lawyer, but she left her mirth still ringing through the corridors A. A. 1, 2, 3.



ARLENE MOODY

"My wealth is health and perfect ease."

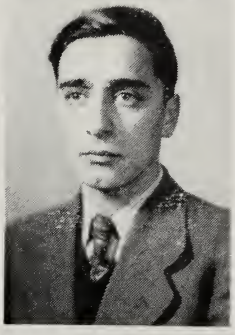
Moody? On the contary! From a height that few can reach. Arlene views her class mates with twinkling eyes and an impish dimple. She's a hard worker, and concentrates particularly hard on special library work with which Miss Allen challenges her sense of organization. A future Florence Nightingale, Arlene cannot fail to leave her wake gaiety and happiness wherever she goes. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



MAY MORIN

"In quiet she reposes:
Ah! would that I did too."

Snow Queen of I. H. S. and supreme queen of Bobby Conary's heart. May has won unanimous applause for her dark beauty and sunny disposition. No less admiration have we found for the pirouetting figure who capers as gracefully as any professional on the Ipswich River, come winter. A. A. 1, 2, 3; French Club President 4; Snow Queen 2.



GARDNER PEATFIELD

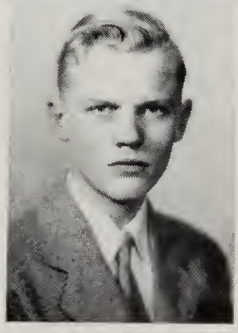
"For rigorous teachers seized my youth
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire!"

Peat is an unobtrusive fellow, one from whom we hear little. He is of the reserved type and presents an impenetrable outer shell to the world at large, but his friends all vouch for him as a swell fellow. One of the greatest interests in his life is bowling. A. A. 1, 2, 3.

JEAN PERKINS

'O, blithe new-comer! I have heard
I hear thee and rejoice!"

Take a pretty face, a glowing smile, and a charming personality; add a dash of deviltry and a snuff of laughter; mix them together and the product could be none other than Jean. Her impish nose is constantly poking itself into trouble, but her twinkling eyes always lead her to immediate forgiveness. If we were forming a club for cheerful people, Jean would automatically become its president. We regret to say that she has been one of us for only two years, but her presence has made those two years just a little bit happier for all of us. Treasurer of Girls' Glee Club 4.



JOHN PICKARD

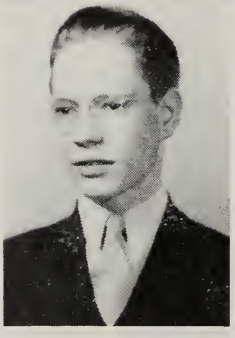
"I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days."

Jackie is a platinum blonde, but he has been more noticeable as a very good treasurer. He and Frank made a perfect duo, whose antics enlivened many an otherwise dull class. Quiet (at times), amiable, mischievous, on his departure for the Navy he deprived us of both a treasurer and a clown. Class officer 3; A. A. 1, 2, 3.

ELEANOR PICKERING

"Many loves of many a mood and many a kind."

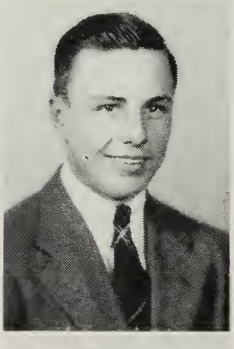
Finding the word "Honey!" beside an imprint of two scarlet lips on the wall of the defense office, we asked the name of the artist. "Pick," someone giggled and popping her head up from behind the files the culprit surveyed us with a "Don't mind me!" which immediately sent us into gales of laughter. That is just the way Pick functions—she may asphyxiate you, send you crawling under the table from the brunt of her brilliant sarcasm, or cause you actually to hurt from laughter—no matter what, you can't resist her. Girls' Choir 1, 2, 3; A. A. 1, 2, 3; Tiger 4; Field Hockey 3; Basketball 4; Class Day Play.



PERCY PURINGTON, JR.

"But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind."

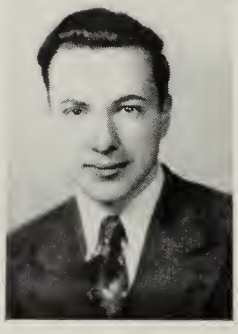
Percy is silence personified. Silent and austere, almost impressive in his dignity, he is, with Savage, the school's Damon and Pythias. He's really a mathematician at heart, and school has never been the drudgery to him that it has been to most. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



STEVE PUTUR

"He whisted soft whistlings I knew were for me."

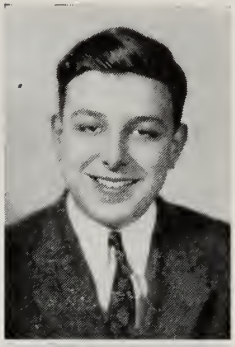
Basketball, football, and baseball filled Steve's four years of high school, and he still had a lot of competition from his bosom pal, Eddie, for the title of "Class Athlete." Steve's sport interests left little time for anything else, and consequently we didn't see too much of him during his time here. A. A. 1, 2; Baseball 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Letterman 4.



HARRY RHODES

"Song of the printing press."

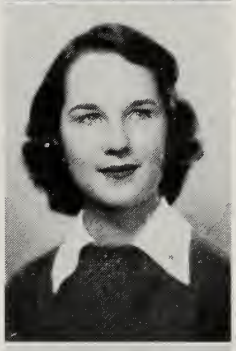
Harry is about as quiet and inconspicuous as they come, but he takes all prizes in his own field, printing. You coudn't say that Harry is a woman-hater. He simply ignores women, a gift that many of us envy. He is also our own private nominee for class blusher, with Savage a close second.



WILLIAM ROBINS, JR.

"O! that this too too solid flesh would
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew."

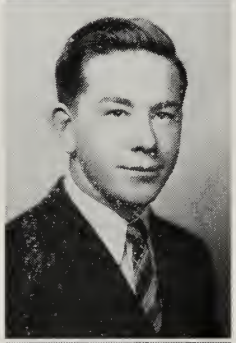
Buddy takes the prize as the most patient, perservering, and hard-working member of the school when it comes to football. And finally, after three full years of battering and punishment, he won his letter. He's working at one of our local stores now, and if he exhibits the same characteristics there, he'll soon be running it. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Letter 4.



JOAN ROSS

"The skillful nymph reviews her force with care."

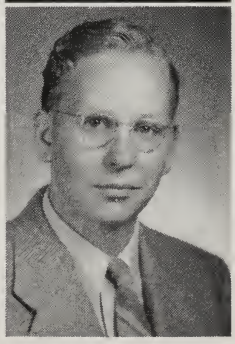
If we were sending flowers to Joan, we woud make them a dozen perfectly formed American beauty roses. Don't ask us why, except that they seem apropos to this lovely, sophisticated senior who has won homage with her charm, her poise, and her brilliance. Never obtrusive, she has at the same time been an outstanding member of our class. Barby's closest companion, Joan can be found during any spare period keeping Uncle Bob (Mr. Conary to the uninitated) in tip-top humor while she types his correspondence. A. A. 1, 2, 3; Baton Twirler 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Cub Staff 3, 4; Tiger Staff 4; Class Officer 4; Vice President 4; Glee Club 4; Class Day Play.



HARRIS SAVAGE

"A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

Harris is another of our Rowley boys, and were it not for his dependable plodding in his studies, we should scarcely notice him, so quiet is he. He and Percy form one of those friendships that seem to have made their school life a very pleasant experience. A. A. 1, 2, 3.



WILLIAM SENSENEY

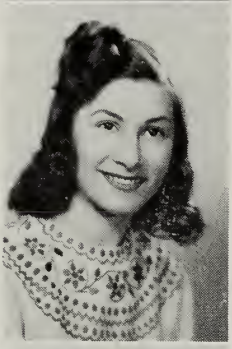
"Willie's rare, and Willie's fair
And Willie's wondrous bonny!"

Be not awed by the inspiring figure that comes strolling down the corridor, a meditative look in his eye, an armful of books, and an aura of thoughtfulness It's only Bill, and you're apt to get a hearty whack on the back when you're least expecting it. He's as human as they come, regardless of a brain in proportion to his body. Life is but a dull and dreary burden until Wee Willie comes back from the "Sunny South." A. A. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1; Tiger 4.

LAWRENCE SHEPPARD

"Where's the coward that would not fight
for such a land?"

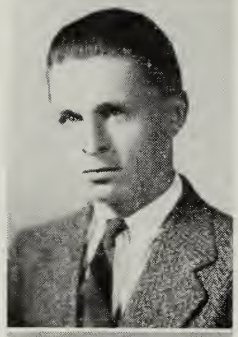
Shep is our local authority on the sea. Perhaps that's what draws him to Marblehead, though it's more likely a little blonde. Summers spent exploring adjacent coasts have given him a start that we landlubbers may never overcome. Anyway, the lure of the sea outweighed that of Ipswich; so he's now in the navy.



ANTOLINA SIKORA

"—a new-fangled lady that is dainty, nice, and spare

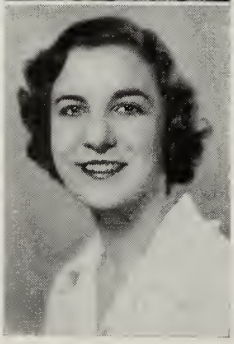
If we were sending a representative from I. H. S. to a goodwill conference in South America we would take a swift glance over our fine class and make a unanimous vote for "Chickie". In spite of Nordic coloring, there is some exotic quality about her slow speech and manner, the way she does a tango, or wears a mantilla. Swinging along in the front row of orange and black garbed baton twirlers, Chickie has strutted her stuff amid cheers from the side lines. Girls' Glee Club 1, 2; A. A. 1, 2, 3; Baton Twirler 3, 4. Basketball 1, 2.



EDWARD SMOREZEWSKI

"For (Baron), mighty (Baron) was advancing
to the bat."

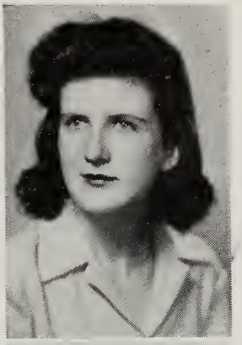
Eddie ran Steve a close second for top honors as class athlete, and anyone who watched him at basketball and baseball knew that he merited such support. His actions have spoken much louder that his words, which are seldom heard at all. A quiet, forceful, ornament to the class. Baseball 1, 2, 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1.



ALICE SPELIOTES

"Yes an' no, an' mebbe, an' mebbe not."

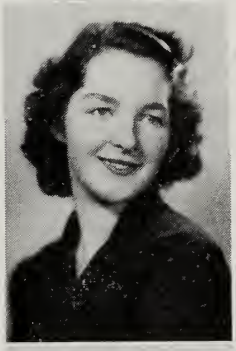
To that pleasant old song "Alice, Where Art Thou?" we can proudly reply, "Alice is helping to pay our defense workers at the shipyard. In her spare time, which is indeed limited, Alice with her contagious smile and blonde locks, can be found bowling, surprising us all with her fascinating skill. A. A. 1, 2, 3;



MAUREEN SULLIVAN

"Enternal feminine draws us on."

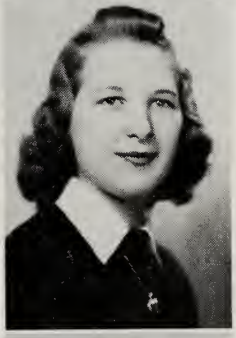
Pretty, petite, and oh so sweet, Maureen has shown us how captivating can be the picture when Irish eyes are smiling. Thoughtful, witty, resourceful, Sully is one of those people who would make a shipwreck on a desert island an amusing and happy adventure. Always interested in other people, and other things, she hides her own charming personality in reserve for those who know her best. A. A. 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President of Glee Club 4; Baton Twirler 3, 4; Tiger Staff 4.



BARBARA SWAIN

'She has a smile for every friend,
And for every smile, a friend."

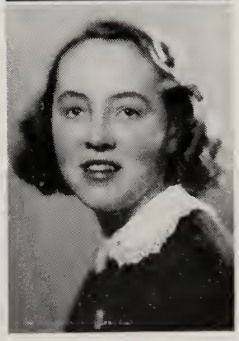
"Come on, let's have one for the team!" someone yelled, and looking down from the bleachers we saw our vivacious, curvacious head cheerleader whose indomitable spirit has spurred us on through all our high school activities. Pep and personality personified, Barby has enlivened us with her keen wit, her flashing smile, and her sincere friendliness. Take any number of people for a ride in the clouds, but when you get down to earth again, be sure that Barby is along—you'll find that her stride includes almost everything. A. A. 1, 2; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3, 4; Cub 2, 3, 4; Tiger Staff 4; Choir 1, 2, 3, 4.



VICTORIA TERENTOWICZ

"Her eyes, how they twinkle,
Her dimples how merry!"

"Vickie" takes a sincere interest in sports of all kinds from golfing to a good brisk swim. However, she even takes a more sincere interest in the Army Air Corps. We never knew just why, but we know that it is a fact that she has been inseparably attached to a beautiful locket all year. As a secretary, we know that "Vickie" will make work seem like play. Basketball 1; A. A. 1,2.



MARGARET WEBB

"And still the center of her cheek
is red as the ripe cherry."

Where there is laughter there is "Blossom", and where there is "Blossom" there is always laughter. It would be punishment for her to keep a sober face for longer than five minutes. Her jokes tumble over one another in rapid succession, and we must admit that her giggle is very contagious. Lately we've missed her vivacity in the upper corridor, however, because she's left us to become a farmerette. But she is not an ordinary farmerette, definitely not, because she is working on her future husband's farm. Lots of luck, "Blossom"! A. A. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Band 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3.

HOWARD WILE

"When he will, he will, and you may depend on it."

Howie walked into the senior class so quietly and inconspicuously that for several days we hardly knew he was there. He took to his new quarters as easily as though he'd been there all year. He's dignified and efficient and will make a very welcome addition to our class. A. A. 1, 2.

SONG OF THE BRAVE

Oh, I'll sing you a song of a glorious fight,
And I'll tell you some tales of the days I've spent
On the open plain—how I've pitched my tent
And sat by my fire while the stars shone bright,
While a feeling came that the world's all right;
How I've tramped the hills where the rainbow went,
And trudged through storms with body bent—
But ever onward to a shining light.
Now I'm old and I'm weak, and my race is run,
Though I ran from the pack, I know that I've won,
And I'll sit by my fire, and I'll dream of life—
Of adventure, of thrills—of heartbreak and strife.
And I'll take the life that's rough and free—
In a wild, tough land with a roaring sea.

William Senseney

Sports Review

FOOTBALL TEAM AND CHEERLEADERS

Top row (left to right) Malcolm Gross, Howard Wile, Richard Cronin, Thomas Burke, Wilbur Michon, Angelo Pappas, Roland Sheppard, Sylvester Conley, Manager.
Middle row (left to right) Coach Robert Conary, Antek Machaj, Steve Putur, Stanley Pickul, Thomas Bamford, Robert Graffam John Pechilis, Frank Kyes, William Robins, Ansel Kmeic, Arthur Burridge.
Bottom row (left to right) Barbara Bolles, Barbara Hull, Bernice Fyrburg, Captain Albert Dailitka, Barbara Swain, Marie Bailey, Ann Blake.

FOOTBALL 1942

With only one letterman to rely upon from his last year's championship team, with the increasing number of boys being called out of school to work and to enter the armed forces, and with the difficulties of transportation, Coach Bob

Conary decided, early in September, to omit football from the activities of the Ipswich High School. There were, however, the boys who liked to play football, not for the glory of it but because they really enjoyed interscholarstic sports. These boys, led by Captain Al Dailitka, only member of last year's squad remaining in school, tried to persuade Mr. Conary to give foolball a trial.

They did. When he called for candidates for the squad, enough boys showed up to make three teams, but before half the season was over, there were only sixteen left: not enough for two teams to scrimmage.

The results of the games, although outwardly not showing an extremely successful season, do not tell the whole story. Ipswich held much stronger teams, and with the exception of Hudson, we were defeated by only one touchdown.

The scores were as follows:

Reading 12	Ipswich 7
Hudson 19	Ipswich 6
Weston 21	Ipswich 14
St. John's 7	Ipswich 13

There were fourteen lettermen: Captain Albert Dailitka, Antic Machaj, Thomas Burke, Steve Putur, Stanley Pickul, Robert Graffum, Thomas Bamford, William Robins, John Pechilis, Ansel Kmiec, Arthur Burridge, Frank Kyes, Wilbur Michon, and Manager Sylvester Conley.

BASKETBALL

Because of the ruling of the school committee, all organized interscholastic sports terminated at the close of the football season. This was due to the gas and manpower shortage. However, a few of the boys who played basketball in previous years banded together and played a number of unscheduled games with Camp Agawam, the Coast Guard, and Newburyport.

—o—

BASEBALL

Unfortunately, because of transportation difficulties, departure of fellows to the armed forces, and other war obstacles, the Ipswich High School had no official baseball team this year.

Under Mr. Burke and Mr. Conary, however, the boys did play a great deal of softball in their gym periods, but no outside teams were played. The boys enjoyed it, probably just as much as if they had had a team.

Certainly, more fellows had the fun of playing.

Our score this year reads: 0 wins, 0 defeats, as against last year 8 wins, 4 defeats. And we can chalk up another small item against the accounts of Mr. Hitler and Mr. Tojo.

CLASS OFFICERS

Top row (left to right) Walter Pojasek, Robert Bolles, Clyde Wood, Richard Chapman, Chester Bowen.
Middle row (left to right) Eva Morin, Barbara Bolles, Ann Blake, Helen Smolenski, Jean Herrick.
Bottom row (left to right) Viola Marides, Claire Gallant, Joan Ross, Leo Marcorelle, John Pechilis.

SOCIAL REVIEW

—o—

CONCERTS

This year we had only two concerts, but the quality made up for the lack of quantity. One was held in November, and the other in April. Both, under the fine supervision of Mr. Tozer, were great successes. Rae Everitt beautifully sang two solos, and Miss Robbins, a new addition to the faculty, played a solo on the cello. These solos, plus numbers by the Glee Club. Choir, Band, and Orchestra helped to make this last year very interesting, musically.

CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

Under the able management of Mrs. Merson who was substituting for Miss Robbins during the latter's illness, members of the senior class presented a radio drama to the school the day before Christmas vacation. The audience were let in on the inner workings of a broadcast studio and witnessed the group of actors gathered around the mike, and the ingenious methods for producing sound effects. The play was woven around a young girl (Rae Everitt), who, because of an infatuation for her English professor (Tom Bamford) and his love of the poet Keats, decided against all forms of giving at Christmas, only to be converted to the traditional at the celebrated end of the play. Other members of the cast were Joan Ross, Johanne Black, Jane Lathrop, Frank Kyes, Lowell Merry, and Barbara Swain.

—o—

VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR

The Verse Speaking Choir is a new organization in Ipswich High. Miss Robbins organized this choir and after the concert on May 14 we are justified in the assumption that it bids fair to be one of the profitable and interesting activities of the school. Claire Bolles was president of this organization, Ann Blake was vice-president, and Johanne Black was treasurer. This choir teaches the girls to read and interpret poetry together. Our best wishes go with Miss Robbins in her further efforts in this activity.

—o—

ALUMNI NOTES

1930

Edward Dolan has been commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Army.

1935

Barbara Schofield was married in April to Joseph Eppley, Jr.

1937

First Sgt. Alexander Robertson is married to Miss Mary Marmon.

Margaret Hubbard is now a laboratory technician at Lahey Institute, Boston.

Ruth Riley was commissioned Ensign Navy Nurse.

1938

Dorothy Dupray R. N. was commissioned Second Lieutenant in A. A. N. C.

David Smith is now studying at University of Penn. Medical School.

CUB STAFF

Top row (left to right) Richard Chapman, John Pechilis, William Cruikshank, Frank Kyes, Robert Denning, Chester Bowen.
Middle row (left to right) Jean Torrey, Constance Wilder, Rae Everitt, Ann Blake, Claire Bolles, Celia Mallard, Joan Ross, Athena Vlahos.
Bottom row (left to right) Mr. Charles Motyka, Johanne Black, Barbara Swain, Donald McPhail, Joanne Fuller, Barbara Bolles, Miss Florence Robbins.

Congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. Kendell Tilton (Barbara Waite) on the birth of a son.

Lieutenant Pauline Smith, Army Nurse, is now on foreign shores.

1939

Jane Wilson graduated from Smith, a Phi Beta Kappa, this year and was married June 5, 1943 to Mr. Carroll Rikert, Jr.

Delbert Matheson is now in the Army Medical Detachment.

Ann Mansfield is training at the Salem Hospital.

George Arvanites is in the A. A.F.

1940

Ruth Hovey has been promoted to Yeoman Third Class in the Waves.

Edward Blaisdell, Jr. was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the A. A. F.

Charles Arthur was commissioned in the A. A. F.

Edward Michon is attending Harvard University.

1941

Muriel Mallard has joined the Waves.

Joan Bousley is a sophomore at Massachusetts School of Art.

Arline Dupray is engaged to Aviation Cadet Henry Webb, Jr.

Betty Jerome is engaged to Staff Sgt. Alan Foster.

Florence Scotton is engaged to Second Lieutenant Edward Blaisdell, Jr.

Edward Machaj is studing at Yale University.

1942

Joan Smith is married to Norman Hopping (Merchant Marine).

Donald Cruikshank, Jr. was appointed to the position of page boy in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Brian Marcorelle, A. A. F., has received his silver wings and chevrons of Staff Sgt.

Jacqueline Marcaurelle was married to Edward Lezon, '41 (Navy).

Ann Parsons and Vivian Brockelbank are in training at the Salem Hospital.

William Smith has joined the Merchant Marine.

Charles Barney is now in the Navy.

Ruth Bailey is now at the Fisher Business School.

John Blake has been promoted to corporal in the Marines.

Raymond Marcaurelle is in the Navy.

—o—

CLASS CELEBRITIES

Artist	Joyce Bousley
Athlete (Boy)	Edward Smorczewski
Athlete (Girl)	Alice Meunier
Author	Lewis Clement
Baby	Joan Ross
Best-dressed Boy	Thomas Bamford
Best-dressed Girl	Joan Ross
Best-Looking Boy	Thomas Bamford
Prettiest Girl	Jean Perkins
Honorable Mention	Joan Ross
Boyologist	Antolina Sikora

BAND

Top row (left to right) Ann Blake, Maureen Sullivan, Jane Lathrop, Claire Gallant, Antolina Sikora, Johanne Black, Joan Ross, Katherine Harites.

Middle row (left to right) Mr. Arthur Tozer, Director, William Conley, Richard Chapman, Byard Horsman, Jr., Leo Marcorelle, Sylvester Conley, Norman Stone, Harry Argeopolous, Beret Robertson.

Bottom row (left to right) Arthur Ross, Barbara Wilson, Celia Mallard, Ruth Johnson, Eleanor Johnson, Charles Harris, John Benedix, Edward Morgan.

Most Dignified	Claire Bolles	Pessimist	William Robins, Donald McPhail—tied
Musician	Claire Gallant	Class Lovers	Robert Conary, May Morin
Most Popular Girl	Celia Mallard	Nuisance	E. Grenville Jewett
Most Popular Boy	Leo Marcorelle	Most likely to succeed	Donald McPhail
One who has done most for school	Donald McPhail	Most Studious	Joyce Bousley
Politician	Donald McPhail		
Optimist	Frank Kyes		

SONGS FOR MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '43

Mable Argeropoulos — "Small Fry"

Thomas Bamford — "A Baby's Prayer"

Eleanor Berard — "When You're A Long, Long Way From Home"

Claire Bolles — "Sing a Merry Song"

Frances Bonczar — "Please Take A Letter, Miss—"

Joyce Bousley — "It Can't Be Wrong"

Johanne Black — "Lovely To Look At, Delightful To Know"

Rose Blunda — "Waiting to Hear From You"

George Brown — "Don't Get Around Much Anymore"

Thomas Burke — "I'm So, So, So In Love"

Barbara Burns — "Friendship"

Lewis Clement — "Miss You"

Robert Conary — "For Me and My Gal"

Sylvester Conley — "My Buddy"

Frances Cross — "Three Little Miles From Town"

Louise Curtis — "He's My Guy"

Jennie Demetrakopoulos — "I Found a Million Dollar Baby"

John Duff — "This Is the Army, Mr. Duff"

Jennie Dziadul — "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue"

Lucy Eustace — "Whistle While You Work"

Rae Everitt — "Sophisticated Lady"

Barbara Farquhar — "The Dancing Doll"

Audrey Fessenden — "I've Got Your Number"

Louis Galanis — "In My Merry Oldsmobile"

Claire Gallant "Flying Fingers"

Carol Harris — "Big Bad Bill"

Priscilla Harris — "What to Do and What Not To Do"

Lillian Harris — "Giddap, Mule"

Dorothy Henley — "Give Me the Army"

Edward Hwalek — "It's Time We Got Started"

Everitt Jewett — "Shadow of a Doubt"

Eleanor Johnson — "Drummer Girl"

Anthony Karol — "I've Hidden My Heart"

Frank Kyes — "Sleepy Serenade"

Shirley Larrivee — "They'll Never Ration Love"

Jane Lathrop — "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody"

Ruth Mackenzie — "Always Be Gay"

Betty MacRae — "Out of This World"

Celia Mallard — "Who Wouldn't Love You?"

Leo Marcorelle — "Man About Town"

Maria Markos — "Dark Eyes"

Howard Martel — "Hey, Doc!"

Florence Mavraides,
Viola Mavradies — "My Sister and I"

Eleanor McGlew — "Chatterbox"

Donald McPhail — "Wee Bit O' Scotch"

Alice Meunier — "One O'Clock Jump"

Arlene Moody — "The Beauty of Your Smile"

Marie Morin — "Cookin' With Gas"

Lawrence Orsini — "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing In A Hurry"

Gardner Peatfield — "Now and Then"

Jean Perkins—"Hey, Good Lookin' "

John Pickard — "Fightin' Sons of the Navy Blue"

Eleanor Pickering — "It Started All Over Again"

Percy Purington — "The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe In Love"

Stephen Putur — "Meet the Duke"

Harry Rhodes — "Don't Give a Good Gosh Darn"

William Robins — "Am I Too Late?"

Joan Ross — "Three Dreams"

Harris Savage — "It's So Peaceful in the Country"

William Senseney — "Down Where the South Begins"

Lawrence Sheppard — "Margy"

Antolina Sikora — "Jam Session Jamboree"

Edward Somorczewski — "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"

Alice Speliotes — "All Dressed Up"

Maureen Sullivan — "You're Irish and You're Beautiful"

Barbara Swain — "Sleepy Time Gal"

Victoria Terentowicz — "Always In My Heart"

Margaret Webb — "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"

Howard Wile — "The Little Man Who Wasn't There"

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